

C A S E S

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IN

M E D I C I N E :

INTERSPERSED WITH

CRITICISMS,

OCCASIONED BY

LOCAL INCIDENTS.

By WILLIAM STEVENSON, M. D.

*Fas est et ab hoste doceri:
Lædere qui potuit prodesse aliquando valebit.*

THE SECOND EDITION,
With CORRECTIONS and ADDITIONS.

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P R E F A C E,

To the first EDITION.

MANY of the positions occurring in this Pamphlet, make part of an extensive work; but have been introduced here, though differently worded, as forming an intimate connection with the cases and incidents of a local nature it contains. Though they may be called *novel* and *singular*, I take upon me to say, they will be found to stand the severest *learned* and *rational* examination.

THEY likewise proceed on generous principles, those that regard the *heart*, as well as the *head*. All endeavours to interest the one, and enlighten the other, are meritorious, and entitled to an impartial perusal, I desire no more.—Both writers and readers have a plain line of conduct before them. The first, to enlarge, as far as they can, the boundaries of useful knowledge,

knowledge, and to establish science on the clearest and simplest principles ; and the last, to contract those habits of wisdom, discretion, and correct behaviour, which, at the same time that they dignify our nature, tend to make up shining examples to reform the world. I know not the use of living for any other purpose, except as the INFERIOR ANIMALS live—to *eat, drink, and sleep!* When it is otherwise, better were it, surely, for most men, *not to have been born.*—A life devoted to trifles, idleness, or selfish purposes, is a life *misspent.*

I wish, likewise, apothecaries in general to be convinced, that they have no *right* to undertake the management of diseases ; and, as they unquestionably act *without authority*, when they do, that they are *justly chargeable* with every fatal consequence that may ensue.—This is a delicate matter in a moral light, and, therefore, should strike them home.

BUT,

BUT, instead of this, many of them show indecent and rude behavior, when a physician is called in, *without their permission*. The writer has been assured of several instances of such behaviour, where he has been concerned. At first, he could scarcely credit the information; but, at length, coming from a variety of respectable quarters, he could no longer be incredulous. However, he is happy to find the country every where *begin* to open its eyes on a conduct so intrusive and presumptuous; as if ENGLISHMEN should not dare to think and judge for themselves, in a thing of such magnitude as—*life, health, and the choice* of their physician.—Happy will it be when they shall be *fully* opened!

YET the world is not without apology. No physician hitherto has been singularly bold and disinterested enough, to break the chain of connection between the apothecaries and the people, a species of abject, but popular tyranny. People, held
in

in thralldom by personal attachments, confounding the *man* with a *profession*, intimidated by a false sollicitude not to offend, or biaſſed by *interested motives*, ſeldom ſend for a phyſician till the apothecary is alarmed—*alarmed* for the miſchievous train of ſymptoms himſelf has occaſioned—and when *apothecaries* are alarmed, phyſicians may bring the undertaker and grave-digger in their ſuit.—Who of modern times, with a divine commiſſion, can raiſe a *Lazarus* from the dead ?

W R O N G, however, eſtabliſhed for a length of time, gets the countenance of R I G H T, and is credited as ſuch,—Take the film from men's eyes, and the charm is diſſolved.—What had been the growth of many ages, ſhall yield to as many weeks of plain dealing, and honeſt information.—Then would it be—in law, divinity, and phyſic—the very reverſe of the pitiful adage, MALUM BENE POSITUM NE MO- VETO : an adage, which diſgraces and impoveriſhes the world, while it pampers lawyers,

lawyers, bishops, and physicians! An adage, that stands in the way of *every* reformation, and will continue to see our wretched world grow worse and worse, as it grows old!

THE opposition I have met with in Newark, from the apothecaries, and those who thought themselves bound to take a side with them, on account of *relationship*, or *incidental* connections, has been attended with this advantage, that I have hereby been spurred on *actually* to accomplish what I had only in *contemplation* to do, some time or other.—I began early to be a deep and attentive observer of life; but in so calm and noiseless a way, as to be little observed, except as a sequestered, bookish, *oddish* young man; while my profession naturally turned my thoughts to *consider* it in a particular manner.—I am now thoroughly convinced, that the common practice of physic is wrong in many of its *first* principles, and by much too narrowed and interested in its views.

THE reader might think me vain were I to furnish him with a recital of cases, chiefly among the poor, that have turned out successful in my hands, since I came to Newark. They are indeed numerous, and have all been treated *contrary* to the reigning mode. I was grieved to hear most of them complaining of having spent much of their scanty substance, to purchase drugs by which they *grew worse*, particularly, that expensive and fallacious article, *the Jesuit's, or Peruvian bark*.—But my grief was soon changed to inexpressible satisfaction, upon seeing the poor creatures recover, to their astonishment, and at no expence to them.

ACCORDING to just probability, the writer has been the humble instrument of saving *many lives*, particularly those of *children*, beside restoring limbs to several, rendered useless, almost, by scorbutic humors, in a confined state, or running partially off in foul ulcers.—His method is perfectly simple and safe, but the *reverse* of
of

of common treatment, and requires, in valitudinarians, far less patience and firmness, than to endure the *unassisted* complaint.—

THESE things might have reposed in the writer's breast for some years to come, being rather *inactively* disposed, had not the conduct of the apothecaries roused him to *exertion*. So far I thank them, and the world has reason to thank them, but no farther. For their *motives* they are accountable to their GOD.—For my part, when I go abroad and meet numbers of my recovered patients—recovered to industry and the maintenance of their little families—I have a sensation of comfort, perhaps pride, every day, at the returns of which the whispers, *meant* to injure me, and busily circulated, die away so as not to be heard, like the hooting of owls, at the opening of a morning chorus of vernal songsters.

THE liberty the writer has taken, unceremoniously

ceremoniously to discuss medical subjects, interesting to all, but, hitherto, but little understood, every professional man has, in his turn, a right to take; especially those who are immediately involved in the animadversions this little work contains. Should they step forward by the PRESS, they shall be welcome; but they must write like *gentlemen* and *scholars*. If they do not, they will be their own *answerers*, and shall have no reply from me.

Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

Most probably, however, it will pass unanswered, *except* in the private walks of detraction and obloquy, or newspaper anonymous stricture, neither of which shall be attended to.—Mentioning newspapers excites gratitude.

THE writer returns his acknowledgments to the editors of certain provincial papers, for their politeness to a STRANGER.—They are entitled to it.—To be on record in the enrolments of newspaper

ABUSE,

ABUSE, places him on a level with *many* of the most illustrious characters of the age, whose rectitude of principle, stubborn virtue and integrity, are their only *faults*; an honour the whole amount of his ambition could scarcely have aspired to.

THE following pages, likewise, having been written on the spur of a sudden, but interesting occasion, the kind reader will pardon the errors of *haste*.—For every thing else the writer holds himself answerable to the public, and shall respectfully abide its decision.—If he has sometimes been angry or severe, let it be remembered that—*his all was at stake*; for a man's *professional character*, next to a *good conscience*, IS HIS ALL. A man's property, whatever it may be, is no part of *himself*.—Upon the whole, it is hoped the scriptural precept has not been exceeded, “be ye angry and sin not;” and that the writer does not say without truth.

Inutiles ramos amputans, feliciores inserit.

P R E F A C E,

P R E F A C E,

*To the second EDITION.**Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.*

IT is become necessary to mention some particulars, in this second Preface, which have occurred since the writing of the first. There was found so much blunt, honest truth in my book, and withal so strong a necessity impressed on the minds of those persons whom I sincerely *wished* to keep my friends, but who have *made* themselves my enemies, to do and say somewhat *in answer*, that they have plunged deeper in the mire. Without needing or desiring any *farther* advantage over them, they have *given* me it, in the abundance of their zeal.—They had not the nobleness of principle to steer clear of misconduct and offence at first, when they had

nothing

nothing to do but simply to be quiet, as it became them, both on their own account, and that of their families; but, latterly, they have discovered a fixt determination not to *grow wise* by reproof and correction.—To come to particulars, which cannot fail, I think, to surprise the reader of sense, and at the same time, to hurt his feelings as a man.

Mr. Milnes, in a letter I have seen addressed to a worthy friend of the writer's, relative to an unintended mistake, page 107 of the *Cases*, has the courtly manners to style him—William Stevenson, as if no more than *Mr.* Milnes's apprentice or footman!—My name, I allow, is William Stevenson, but—the pride of *riches* is the most vulgar and insolent of any.—I have to tell *Mr.* Milnes, that—*I am what he is not*, a gentleman of liberal education; connected, both by blood and friendship, with the genteelest ranks of life, and some of the highest literary characters of the age, in England, in Scotland, and in Ireland;

land; am first cousin to a noble Lord,* and through the medium of his and my grandfather, related to the blood royal of Scotland; and besides, have been for many years what *he* never was, a disinterested enquirer after truth; a friend to mankind or the people, contradistinguished to *every* profession; an enemy to the common administration of drugs; a serious reflector on that awful text, “thou shalt not kill;” a citizen of the world, writing on generous principles; and, lastly, as a man who wishes, hopes, and expects to survive the grave—where the pride of riches is eaten up of worms—and to have the graces and virtues, innocence, integrity, truth and disinterestedness, to introduce him into Heaven. *Mr.* Milnes ought now to throw his gallipots into the street, and his files
into

* This incidental circumstance (for I cannot help being related to the noble peer of *Stewart-hall*, in the county of Tyrone, Ireland) is not mentioned in the way of vanity; for, as a scholar, a philosopher, but above all, as an *honest man*, the writer thinks and feels himself greater than any Lord.

into the fire; a phœnix perhaps may arise out of the ashes of the *latter*, and, provided he is capable of instruction in future, may save him at the last day. This is the phœnix: let him catch and cage it in his bosom. “Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and widows (but not to *tax parishes* for the visits) in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world.”

BUT hold. I am called an *hypocrite* for reading and quoting the Bible. Alas! what ought he to be termed who never reads it; or, what is worse, never practises its precepts?—For quoting Gill Blafs, Roderick Random, or Johnson’s Prefaces to the English poets, I should have credit: but for studying and quoting *a book* which supercedes all others to the end of time, and which was dictated by an understanding superior to human, I am called an—hypocrite.

Hoc faciunt stulti, quos gloria vexat inanis.

IT

IT is whispered, moreover, that, waving, a literary or professional answer to “Cases in Medicine,” as likely to prove a troublesome and unpromising business, an ATTORNEY has been consulted how it shall be possible to entangle poor Dr. S. in the glorious *uncertainty* of the law, or subject him to its *not so* glorious certainties.—The result of the Cabinet Council is not yet known, *in toto*, though, *in parte*, it has accidentally transpired that, Dr. S. by the English constitution, cannot be *hanged, drawn and quartered* for—telling the truth.

————— *turpiter atrum*

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne

What farther measure, in so perplexed and untoward an affair, is to be adopted, remains an awful secret in the tenebrous womb of futurity.

Proximus ille Deo qui scit ratione tacere.

SERIOUSLY, the professional men who oppose me in Newark, are more their
own

own enemies than mine, and take effectual measures to lose more and more of the public esteem, which must see through their intentions, while in the same proportion they recommend and push me into as much business as I can accomplish. I know they do not intend, nor do I thank them for it ; but on account of their families, to which I sincerely wish every good, the fruits of fair and honourable industry can bring in, I would have them recollect themselves. They have got a *bad* cause by the hand, which, as the public are concerned *more* than me, can never prosper ; so that the sooner they give over an opposition, to conduct which they are, whether collectively or separately, utterly inadequate, the better for the peace of the town, as well as for their own private advantage and comfort.

I owe them no ill-will as *mén*. Far from it : I would rather do them every good in my power ; but as professional monopolizers, directors of the public judgment,

judgment, intruders on the province of the physician, which they have no more right to do in Newark, than the king's apothecary at St. James's to commence his majesty's physician ; I say, under such designations, I will ever set my face against them, and, at the same time, they will find me (emboldened virtue and truth ought to speak out) as superior to them in literature and the walks of science, as I am to their calumny and detraction, in private whispers and gossiping.

HAD not their behaviour at the beginning been most preposterous, and had they not seemed determined to persevere in it, without, apparently, one pause of discretion, I should not have been induced, with much trouble, anxiety and expence, to write a long pamphlet in self-vindication, which has led me from other subjects and pursuits far more pleasing. However the publication may hurt and distress them, they have brought it upon themselves, as likewise the necessity of *answering it*, if

FACTS

FACTS can be answered, or by their silence convince the world, that they *think* their cause *bad*, and have given it up.—This will be a more manly and liberal procedure, than for those who have *made* themselves my enemies, whom I wished to preserve my friends, to behave unbecomingly to many who have honoured me with their friendship. People who thought themselves justified to speak well of me in all companies, and, confidently, to contradict, from their own knowledge, many false insinuations thrown out against me, have been downrightly *insulted* for so humane and generous a conduct; among whom were some of the *gentler sex*.—Nay, to so unaccountable a length has such behaviour been carried that, on my account, the common polite civilities of life, upon meeting in the street or elsewhere, have been often shamefully omitted.—I could wish to stop here: but cannot in justice to religion and virtue; or, in other words, to the principles of moral propriety.

ONE of the principal gentlemen of the Newark theatre, desired my attendance in a dangerous disorder. His case was of such long standing and so inveterate, that he was incapable of acting in his line of life during the whole of his stay in town: but I had the satisfaction of sending him on his next theatrical campaign, *much mended*. I treated him the reverse of common practice.—But now comes the grating tale to the ear of humanity.

IN the course of business, when Mr. R—t—n's benefit night arrived, *my enemies became his also*. They absented themselves from the playhouse *because he was my patient, and in a recovering state*. Nay, had a *particular* card-party on *that* night, in order to keep others from my patient's benefit.—The GOOD MAN will say, *credat Judeas Apella, non ego*; and SCRIPTURE will say, in the divine enthusiasm of exclamation, “tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon.”—Mr.

d

R—t—n

R—t—n* had a wife and children to support, was a man of character and much merit in his profession ; yet, for the *crime* of being my patient, my adversaries would have STARVED him and them, as far as they could. REVELATION blushes for such people ; and PITY, sighing and weeping, hangs down her disconsolate head !

THE second instance I would adduce, to prove that *my* enemies are the enemies of Humanity and Religion, consequently, inimical to the best interests of society, is the

* He left Newark and undertook the exertions of a stage, at a distant place, too soon, beside getting under medical treatment the reverse of mine ; in consequence of which he relapsed and quitted *that* stage we must *all* quit sooner or later.—A few weeks longer recess from business would, it should seem probable, have put him out of all hazard of falling back again. He expressed his persuasion of this to the last, and regretted his leaving Newark, when it was too late ! —I have taken more than one occasion to caution the world against quitting medical discipline and regimen too hastily ; patients deeming themselves recovered, before they have acquired strength and firmness of fibre sufficient to withstand the relapsory attacks of *proximate causes*.

the following. I mention no names; because my object is to smite THINGS, with the scorpion lash of *Truth*, and not PERSONS.—“Be ye wise as serpents, but harmless as doves.”

A sober, inoffensive man in the neighbourhood of Newark, an officer of the revenue, applied to me for relief in a disorder which, notwithstanding it was treated by the best approved methods of *common* practice, daily gained ground of him, and, to all appearance, was likely to shorten the days of a well formed, robust man, *in the prime of life*. I could describe his case minutely, but there is no occasion for it. The description of it lies by me however, should I be called upon to make it public. In consequence of my certifying to the Commissioners his total incapacity of business, he got three months indulgence, during which time he was under my care, and less than which I found would not be sufficient to compleat my plan of cure. He is now far advanced
on

on the recovering side, takes on flesh and strength fast, has a good appetite, and has resumed his employment.—With great temper and fortitude he bore the operation of four blisters discharging together; and, though they had a principal share in his restoration to health, visicatories, I am certain, have never been ordered before, in any parallel case.—But the *guilt* he incurred by being cured by me was not to be forgiven, though in *real* offences, our daily prayer to Him who made us is, “forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive (or on the ground of our forgiving) them that trespass against us.”

My patient came on purpose to inform me that his apothecary's bill was sent him for peremptory payment, amounting to upwards of 7l. for medicines which *failed* to recover him. He begged some time, pleading his situation from long confinement and sickness, and his having been obliged to *pay* a substitute for officiating in his walk. The answer he received was

a—*bailiff*, with all the terrors of the law at his back. He got a generous friend, however, to discharge the debt. Blessed and eternally rewarded be all such friends in distress! They are the guardian protectors of this world, the Lots of *Sodom*. —It remains to add, that I have Mr. —'s liberty, by letter, to make use of his name, to authenticate the foregoing particulars, should it be expedient, as likewise a polite assertion used by the *other person* concerned, relative to me, that I was the BIGGEST QUACK IN ENGLAND.*

A person with a *royal deploma*; a professed abominater and enemy of NOSTRUMS; who, on many occasions, has refused *fees* or lessened them; never takes one from servants of any description, or the lower orders of housekeepers, and gives his advice and medicines to the *labouring poor*

* Indeed, even this is a *decent* expression compared with a number of other epithets with which I have been *honoured* from the mouths of those who think and call themselves gentlemen and ladies.

poor, the most valuable, though the most indigent and neglected classes of society—a quack! Mercy on us! words have changed their significations; and we may soon expect to see the apothecaries shops of England turned into *pauper* dispensaries, where all may come, and none need pay; as also every great inn in the kingdom furnish out *eleemosynary* accommodations for travellers.

THE third and last instance I shall produce (for really the producing of them becomes an unpleasant business) of rancorous and unfeeling behaviour, refers to the late Mr. J.—n. An apothecary *took* the charge of him at first, and during a considerable period afterward, in one of the most dangerous fevers incident to this country, because, in the beginning, wont to be extremely deceitful and unalarming (its seat being deep in the serous and lymphatic vessels of the brain) I mean, the *febris lenta, nervosa*. How he treated it, I know not particularly, but he certainly knew

knew not the true nature of the disorder, for he flightingly told enquirers into Mr. J—'s state, “*Oh, he is only hipped!*”* A most unscientific and unbecoming expression, when the life of a useful individual, a parent and an husband was at stake.

W H E N symptoms put on a more menacing face than—*hippishness*—and the apothecary himself began to be alarmed (he should have been alarmed from the first) the young physician of this place was called in; but, after the disorder had run out such a length, had he been as old and wise as Hippocrates, he could not, I believe, have saved the patient. Fevers of such a type, always turn out putrid in their last state, beginning in the inaccessible parts of the system, the capillaries and lymphatics; and if not generously supported at first, and powerfully acted upon by external stimulants and drain, always terminate fatally.—Mr J—n died of this fever.

* A vulgar corruption of hypochondriacal.

fever.*—But what I introduced the mention of this case for, still awaits the reader's information.

W H E N things looked dismal and alarming about the sick-bed, in spite of the most confident assurances, often repeated, of a more flattering nature (wretched assurances!) Mrs. J—n more than once expressed her wish to have my opinion and
advice

* The apothecary who acted as physician in the above case, has not scrupled to say, that it was a similar one to that of a late worthy character. A crowd of ideas and reflections present themselves on this occasion; but I must restrain them.—If the cases were similar, why did not a similar procedure in both take place? The physician who attended the latter, gave early notice of his apprehensions regarding the type and probable event of the disorder, as a man of experience and integrity ought; and, unhappily, his pre-sentiment was but too well founded: the apothecary, who took upon him the care of the former, entertained no such apprehensions regarding him, and gave no such early notice, but, on the contrary, spoke lightly of the complaint. How then could the cases be alike, consistent with the smallest degree of medical knowledge to conduct the comparison?—Alike! The one was a bilious, putrid fever from the beginning:

advice in her husband's case, but was peremptorily over-ruled, upon the menace of being deserted by those about her. Who they were does not certainly appear. As to their names people assert differently; nor are names of any consequence in such a case. All agree that she was *over-ruled* into a compliance with their request, in consequence of which I was *not* sent for, to the surprise of the sensible and unprejudiced part of Newark.—Those persons
 e who

beginning; the other, a common-typed low, nervous one.—The writer was censured (by those on whom reason and the strongest facts seem to be thrown away) for prescribing few drugs to a late amiable patient, who died because human skill could not save him: the late O—g—st of Newark, was made to swallow a tremendous quantity, chiefly of the nervous kind, the most absurd and useless of any belonging to the *Materia Medica*, and he—died

— *nulli tacuisse nocet, nocet esse locutum.*

The bark too he took to a large amount, that *unmeaning bitter*, on which the faculty doat and perfectly hallucinate.—I hope in God to live long enough to see it totally laid aside, except as a simple amarescent ingredient in tinctures and infusions. As such it is
 an

who took upon them so cruel an interposition, may be left for punishment to their own consciousness, if they have any moral or religious sensibility ; if not, they are truly to be pitied !

I by no means declare it as my opinion, that Mr. J—n would have recovered, had I been called in. I rather think the contrary, from the circumstance of his having been so long in the apothecary's hands. Yet, surely, it was an act of obvious justice to *humour* at least the wife of the unfortunate

an elegant simple, but without any *characteristic* virtues whatever. *Thrown in*, as it is vulgarly termed, by the systematic enthusiast, the professional bigot, as it should seem, to *exorcise* a disorder, it is unworthy even of an old woman's prescription. Infinite mischiefs attend its exhibition ; not I grant, by its being *actively* injurious ; but, because, during its administration, what constitutes the disorder, whatever it may be, *is kept in the system*, to gather redoubled strength for a future attack of the same kind, or else put on another type or form ; *i. e.* as it is proper to say, to constitute a new and often more dangerous disease. My brethren want comprehensiveness of mind : they judge from the moment.

fortunate patient, who in losing him had the prospect of losing every thing dear to her, indeed—*her all*.—It is, however, surprising, I must say, that the heads of families, many of them in the genteelest ranks of life, should give up their authority, judgment and feelings to the apothecaries, in matters where the awful alternative of life and death demands decision, dignity and spirit. No wonder, I cannot but confess, that apothecaries *presume*, behave with downright haughtiness and insolence, when people of education and independence cease to support their stations and characters.

LET them be treated, as individuals, and in the private intercourses of life, with all possible kindness and friendship:—but, for God's sake, let them not be mistaken for physicians and employed as such. It is said, they are only sent for in slight complaints, such as headaches, colds, shiverings, stomach-sickness, dizziness, sore throats, &c.—Are these slight complaints?
 Good

Good GOD ! They are, for the most part, the beginnings of the most fatal illnesses, which in their progress carry off thousands every year ; but which, nine in ten of them, had they, at their first attack, come under the eye of the judicious physician, would, probably, have terminated happily.

FAMILIES in genteel life, with respect to the trifling formalities of precedence, *keep it up*, with scrupulous exactness, will not yield an hair's breadth ; yet, in the momentous concern of a child's or parent's life, they give up every thing that distinguishes them from the *vulgar*, to a set of men, the apothecaries, who have no more right to act as physicians, that is, prescribe to diseases, than their butlers or coachmen. Strange conduct, mischievous as strange, and common as mischievous !

PEOPLE, with perfect philosophical coolness and resignation, can bear to lose, *through the medium of the apothecaries*, a father or a mother, a brother or sister, a husband

husband or wife, or, in short, any of their nearest and dearest relations ; but they will not submit, they cannot afford, to lose—a *flatterer* or a *customer*. If a grocer sells a stone of sugar or a pound of tea, a mercer a piece of silk, a cloth-merchant a suit of cloaths, or a butcher a joint of meat, to an apothecary, he is afraid of offending the DOCTOR : but submits his life to his care, and his purse to his annual drug-charge, even in a place where he may have *superior* advice for a trifle, or for—nothing.

—Mr. SIKES should seem here not inconsiderably concerned. Many, however, have too much spirit and independence for him ; I give them joy : what is he ?

—— *ventosus, dum vis bonus ipse videri.*

Mr. SIKES, I am very well informed, has called Dr. S. a *quondam* presbyterian parson, and, latterly, a quack doctor. How correct his ideas ! How polite and elegant his insinuations ! I know he *meant* to depreciate by denominating me having once been a presbyterian parson.

I have not had the honour to be one; but Mr. SIKES is to be informed (he seems ignorant of it) that presbyterian parsons, or dissenting teachers, many of them, are among the most *disinterested* friends of civil and religious liberty, the first characters, geniuses, scholars and writers of the age.

THIS person, therefore, instead of disparaging, has, without designing or knowing it, complimented me by my *alleged* function previous to that of medicine.— But, indeed, one who could take a side with the apothecaries, merely because he had been one himself, and against a medical plan, acknowledged by all who have tried it, to be rational, unexpensive and successful, must have as little philanthropy and philosophy, as he has medical skill. Let us suppose the apothecaries in England to be a *thousand*, and the people or inhabitants of England *three millions*; shall the interests of the former preponderate against those of the latter? This would
be

be as great a disproportion in the articles of common justice and humanity, as in the arrangement of figures.

Would such people intrust their property to the abilities and judicial eloquence of men who *sell* parchment or stamp paper, merely because these articles are indispensibly necessary in the processes and decisions of law?—No, they would not risk a shilling in such hands, and, doubtless, by so doing should act wisely. But what is a matter of property to the considerations of life and health, which they trust without scruple to the *sellers* of drugs, and this too at the most consequential and delicate period, the first attack of diseases?—The parallel perfectly coincides in every point; nor should there seem a supreamer degree of absurdity in a person's committing an important lawsuit to the care of a parchment-merchant, than the same person's committing the eventual risk of his health and life to the drug-merchant or apothecary.

NAY,

NAY, farther, in the apparently slightest concern of human life, *the salvation of the individual's soul*, I would ask the most thoughtless and careless respecting so high and momentous a concern, if, instead of the bishop, rector, or curate to expound and enforce those doctrines which are deemed necessary to salvation, he would chuse the bellman or organist to mount the pulpit?—The cases are similar, and are placed in strong lights in order to strike and admonish.

PEOPLE of rank, and even of genteel education, require more than common methods to rouse them to thought, sensibility and reflection. They are so wholly occupied by trifles, so devoted to frivolous pleasure in all its forms, and so little read in the book of nature, manners, philosophy, or God, that even periodical preaching in pulpits has lost its effect, and the age is no better, with regard to intellectual illumination, integrity of principle and purity of morals, than in the ages antecedent.

tecedent to the coming of the Messiah.— It is not my business at present to find out or say what is the fatal cause. *Causa latet, vis est notissima.* Neither is it my business to make applications other than to the science of physic, particularly including the preposterous conduct of the world in trusting their healths and lives to the *seller* instead of the *legal prescriber* of medicines; whereby, to use a common phrase, *the plow goes before the horse*, and every thing runs in a retrograde direction.

W H A T is the education of an apothecary, detached from the profession of a surgeon, with which it has no connection, but with which it is commonly confounded? It is this, and the education of *one* is that of *all*. An entire grammatical ignorance of the learned languages, but perfect acquaintance with the technical scraps and abbreviations of physicians' receipts; total ignorance, likewise, of the constituents of the healing art, anatomy, physiology, pathology, botany, chymistry, no-

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socomic

socomic experience, &c. the acquisitions of a college, to which apothecaries, *as such*, seldom or never repair; and an invariable principle, to get rich as fast as possible, by the promiscuous sale and random administration of drugs.—I allow there are exceptions; but these, instead of weakening, strengthen the general rule. I can happily recognize a *few*, superior to their brethren, in disinterestedness, integrity, learning and elegant accomplishments.

Rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

FROM such an education, what is to be expected but misapprehension of disorders, medical blundering, accumulation of receipts on the practitioner's file, and multiplication of the grave-digger's fees? Alas! this matter is not attended to with half the seriousness or earnestness with which we attend to the merest trifles in comparison.* The one sex are so occupied

* Notwithstanding so miserable a basis for the practice

pied by the pleasures of the sod and the turf, which only became the early barbarous ages of the world, before letters, arts and sciences were known ; so devoted to the eternal business of doing nothing, or setting positive examples to the world of extravagance, luxury, dissipation and immorality : and the other (it pains me—even *mercifully*—to censure the soft and gentle sex!) from the fashionable effects of mistaken education, are so precluded from thought, sentimental deduction, gravity of remark, and all the enchanting exercises

practice of healing, the most divine of human arts, there are colleges in Scotland (I except Edinburgh, now the principal medical school in the world) so abandoned in principle and sentiment, as to confer degrees on DISTANT APOTHECARIES SO EDUCATED, on the slightest application by letter, and receiving their pecuniary gratuities. Shame upon such colleges ! They ought to be unchartered and disfranchised, were not the ruling powers too busy in destroying the human species, for the discreet consideration of any thing so proper and becoming.—I have known several apothecaries and others get diplomas in this manner, commencing no less than manslaughterers by *royal authority* The poverty of these universities

ercises of genuine sensibility, associated with moral elegance and refinement, by the routine of preposterously dressing in taste, shop-gadding, sales, exhibitions, &c.—I say, both sexes, agreeable to the foregoing not exaggerated representation, have their time (more precious than the mines of Potosi) so incessantly *filled* up, that scarce one *idle* moment is reserved to deliberate upon subjects of the last importance. Yet they have some apology.

IT

ties are their apology for prostituting the chastity of science, and the honour of academical titles : but this is the apology for housebreaking and robbing on the highway ; indeed, a general one for every deviation from truth, justice, integrity or moral rectitude.—If these seminaries are too poor to support themselves respectably, let them be for ever abolished, as the several present professors shall drop. This would save the medical honour of the age from shameful pollution, beside superadding business, importance and usefulness to those universities that have not the plea of *pecuniary want* for degrading their character, by bestowing degrees on the ignorant and unlearned.—Indeed, so fallen is a certain Scotch university's pride of principle and dignity of sentiment, that I am persuaded a *horse*, could he pay his fees and have a letter of recommendation in his favour, would have a diploma from thence, as easily as his rider.

IT is a remark equally obvious and momentous, that if physicians, and other medical practitioners, would *exemplify* what they only vapour about in text-books and school systems, I mean temperance, or self-command in *eating*; the world would shortly be in so blessed a state as *scarce to need their assistance*.—But what encouragement have the higher ranks of the people not to indulge in rich and luxurious living, to wanton in it even the length of satiety and disgust, when they see physicians, learnedly educated on purpose to prevent or cure the effects of such fatal indulgence, setting them examples of it on every occasion? I know numbers of my brethren, but also know that scarce any class of men live more voluptuously.

HENCE it comes to pass, that physicians are as short lived as other men, and subject to the same distressing variety of bodily complaints. When I heard of Dr. S—th's death of Dublin, and Dr. F—gill's of London, two of the *first* practitioners

tioners of their day, and but little down the hill of life; I said in my own mind, “surely these men were as ignorant of physic, but, especially, of its transcendant (I had almost said divine) part, the *preventative*, as other people; notwithstanding the glut of business they enjoyed, till their last illness prevented it.”—Physicians that cannot keep themselves in health, and prolong their own lives, how is it possible they can preserve the health and lives of others?

THIS second Preface swells in my hands unavoidably. Things present themselves in such irresistible lights, such force of impression and undeficiency of language, that it is difficult for me, in discussing subjects so deeply interesting to the world, and *to no one more than another*, (which stamps them, as by the finger of GOD, with sublimity and truth) to check my pen.

NOR let any critic say I step out of my line, by discussing such subjects. I do
not;

not ; but *he* does, if he thinks otherwise. The reformation of mankind should seem to form a sort of grand *intellectual treasury*, open to all the world, the keys of which are hung up in Heaven, and into which every individual of the human race, according to his MENTAL SUBSTANCE, his talents and attainments in knowledge, is called upon by the DEITY, an authority supertranscendently paramount to that of *any* earthly sovereign whatever, or the exclusive interests of *any* profession, to throw in his offering, however small it may be.

THE smallest is no less acceptable than the largest ; for—THE FATHER OF MANKIND EXPECTS NO MORE FROM HIS CHILDREN THAN HIS CHILDREN CAN DO.—I, as one of the persons called upon, have thrown and will continue to throw in, till my fingers can no longer direct the gift, the “ *widow’s mite.*” Her donation is thus estimated by the most excellent and unerring of all judges ; for it is the *sentiment* of giving, not the *sum* given, which

which substantiates and sterlingizes the gift. Here is the adjudgment of the greatest of all philosophers. “And he looked up and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury ; and he saw likewise, a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites : and he said, of a truth, I say unto you, that this *poor* widow hath cast in *more* than they all ; for *all these* have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God ; but she of her penury hath cast in all the living which she had.”

THIS great treasury will certainly be opened and examined at the *last day*, at the winding up of the universal drama. He whose offerings are not found there, not in *quantity*, but *quality*, that is, offerings thrown in from the secret benevolent disposition of the heart, not from vanity, affectation, dying necessity, or superabundance in wealth—what is he to expect ?—What has he a *right* to expect ?—But “all things are possible with God.”—Indeed the consideration of a future state of existence,

ence, is the *last* thing which seems to affect us, though it *should* be the very first.

THIS life is but the portico, the vestibule of being. How sublime the Heathen philosopher (*Cicero's*) exclamation! “*Ex vita discedo tanquam ex hospitio, non tanquam ex domo : commorandi enim natura diversorium nobis, non habitandi, locum dedit.*” Only Christ and his Apostles could have written better. The great Roman orator's remark breathes *Christianity*. —To borrow from a former publication of *mine*.

“ WERE it otherwise, that is, were the Gospel, a dark compound of contradiction and inconsistency, a system—flexible and accommodable to *secular* views and *political* interests, intent upon *present*, *temporary* hopes and expectations, not *future* and *eternal*; I should make no scruple to join a tribe of wanderers in the wilds of America, to worship the God of Nature, as he is *seen* and *felt* in his
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works,

works. With innocence the companion of my repose, and silence the guard of my slumbers, on my bed of rushes, or my sofa of herbage, delighted should I lay myself down ; not to wound the chaste ear of night with my painful watchings and lamentations, but to enjoy a sweet forgetfulness of every thing, but of gratitude to my God, my latest and my earliest act of recollection. — Guiltless and refreshed, should the next morning's sun open upon me his welcoming eye ; should bear shining testimony to my ardent look of thankfulness, to the spreading forth of my hands to Heaven, for every expression of the goodness of my Creator, in number as the minutes of my existence, and not less manifest in my preservation by night, than in my support and provision by day."

" A few repetitions of this sort would wear out my days upon earth, put an end to the beating of my pulse, and the dilations of my bosom.—What then ? I should only do what I had often done before,

fore, recline my head to sleep : but instead of waking on a couch of herbs or flowers, amid the vernal salute of arborial songsters, I should perhaps (Oh, delightful PERHAPS!) find myself awake and seated in Paradise, receiving my welcome in a symphony of Angels.—Yet not before my memorial had been cut out on the cortical tablature of some venerable oak, under whose shadowy protection I had often heretofore solaced myself; darted a thought to futurity, lived in the energy of expectation, and soared on the flame-borne chariot of hope; struck from within, as by a shoot of lightening from the clouds, and with the rush of transport swimming in my eye—THAT I SHOULD NEVER DIE. And thus might run my unambitious epitaph: *that I never deceived a fellow-mortal; nor at last deceived myself.*”

Yes—friends I may resign, a wife, a child,
By force compell’d, by subterfuge beguil’d;
These I may meet again in peaceful times,
In gentler regions and in happier climes:
But let me my INTEGRITY hold fast,
And keep my CONSCIENCE spotless to the last.”

To

To be more particular, with respect to my own profession; an *honest, wise physician*, preserves the health and prolongs the lives of thousands.—What a glorious circumstance, to *succeed* the DEITY in saving and guaranteeing the life of man! It was part of our Saviour's commission, and he made it one of his most delightful offices, to cure “all manner of diseases.” Not in the modern manner of *curing* them, by ruining the constitution and leaving a *worse* substitute behind; but by radically removing them.—Whatever practitioner does so, and with few or no medicines, imitates THE SON OF GOD.

HE performed cures, I know it, in consequence of supernatural powers, or by miracle; but I also know that, *whatever has the effect of a perfect cure, has the effect of a miracle.*—INSTRUMENTALITY is alike in both cases.—The Almighty, and the no less benevolent Father of mankind, acted in the one instance through the medium of HIM whom he adopted, designated

designated and commissioned as *his own Son*; in the other, He acts through the inferior medium of THE ENLIGHTENED UNDERSTANDING, and medicines under its direction.

CURES, performed in consequence of the last, form a class of subordinate miracles, beneficial to mankind, and continuous in *kind*, though not in *degree*, with those extemporaneous restorations to health (miraculous recoveries) by a simple act of the *will*, a *look*, or a *touch*, so often and so graciously exemplified in the history of our Lord and Saviour *Jesus Christ*.—This places the honest and wise physician on a scale of comparative excellence truly honourable to him, and essentially useful to the human kind; indeed, I may justly say, marks him, next to Christ and his holy Apostles, as one of the highest orders of beneficent beings inhabiting our world.

BUT I must check my adventurous pen in what, perhaps, may be called, an ex-centric

centric excursion from my immediate subject, and dropping the philosophical wing (which always soars) must light on so small a point of observation as myself.—Yet as my subject associates me with the *Newark faculty*, I must not think so little of myself neither.—To the *greatest* of all I return, but, really, not with pleasure.

Mr. SIKES, not content with having endeavoured, in a particular instance, deeply to injure me in my professional character, without being in the least humbled or contrite for the offence, without stepping forward by the press, to answer* my pamphlet (wherein he is arraigned *by name*) with manliness and spirit, like a gentleman, scholar, and true lover of science; and without making any personal application to be excused and forgiven for
the

* With regard to Mr. Milnes, apothecary in Newark, this marked tauciturnity is still worse, as he is the *principal*, the other the *abettor*; unless it be understood to argue *his* consciousness of inability to answer the writer's publication.

the injury done me :—I say, Mr. SIKES a commissioned administrator of *justice*, and who prides himself and swells in the importance of the office, (important it certainly is) perseveres to act unworthily, by making every torturing effort to substantiate a *libel* against him and his *friend*, in *my* pamphlet, so that the vultures and harpies of the law may lay hold of me.—Were such conduct not so *wicked*, it would deserve to be laughed at for its *childishness*.—A libel? His and his *learned* friend's behaviour to me, in the dark, sul-
len shades of private combination, which occasioned *this pamphlet* being published, without any pre-design, was a libel upon humanity, as well as science.

N A Y, this gentleman (who as a town and country magistrate, and on an elevation above business, should set the most correct example of delicate moral conduct) has yet gone more extraordinary lengths.—As if he were secretary or agent to *The Spanish Inquisition*, NOW HAPPILY NO
MORE)

MORE) he has sent for some of my best friends to question and *abuse* them for—*the crime of being my friends*. And who and what is *he* who takes all this upon him?—*Cujus vis omnis virtusque in lingua sita est*.*—Farther,

WHAT is the unpardonable misdemeanour I have been guilty of towards this proud lord over people's *private opinions*?—It is *this*. I have had the misfortune to *prescribe*, instead of him, to many
unhappy

* This indignancy of language will be readily excused, when the reader is informed that Mr. SIKES has not only endeavoured materially to injure me in Newark; but at Derby, Buxton, and elsewhere, has striven to depreciate me in the public estimation, and traduce my professional character.—Instead of this unworthy conduct, a *justice of the peace* ought to be exemplary for all manner of virtues and excellencies.—If not, he dishonours his commission and supports *two* characters, which no one can support with integrity or principle.—This person exclaims, “why encourage Dr. S. a physician unknown.”—Every man must be unknown before he is known.—Previous to my arrival in a county bordering on Nottinghamshire, I never heard of such a person as Mr.
SIKES

unhappy patients; and they have had the *misfortune*, most of them, to be recovered or materially relieved under my care.

Turpe est doctori, cum culpa redarguit ipsum.

EVEN supposing me one of the *worst* of *persons* in my private moral character—a
 fordid, covetous, avaricious man; bowel-
 less to the needy and afflicted, but a pam-
 pering idolater of *myself*; purse-proud and
 full, but heart-empty and contracted; a
 servile adulator of superiors, but a tyrant
 h and

SIKES; but the UNKNOWN PHYSICIAN is well
 known, in many of the most conspicuous places of
 Great-Britain and Ireland, both as a literary and an
 honest man; and let the courteous reader suffer me
 to add, not more known than respected and esteem-
 ed, by the *liberal, virtuous* and *good*; the only friends
 a *disinterested* man would wish to make.—Because
 Mr. SIKES is provincially known, that is, because
 his name extends through a few *contiguous* counties,
 (specks invifible on the globe, except through the
 microscope) he deems himself known to the world
 at large.—The world *at large* knows nothing of Mr.
 SIKES; and, unfortunately for the *magistrate* and
 the *man*, he seems to know as little of himself as the
 world does of him.—Farther, I will tell Mr. SIKES,
 that

and bravado, both domestic and otherwise, to inferiors ; a faller-out with my nearest relations, without cause or reason, and with persons considerably *better* than myself ; a railer against government, without one *feeling* or *principle*, on the great and generous scale, to justify even *simple opposition* ; a constant absentee from Church, without acting on those illuminated maxims and sublime convictions which render the interference of a clergyman, between God and our own spirits, by no means necessary :—I say, were I descriptively all the foregoing, if, in the *medical line*, I have been *useful*, I will say, *uncommonly useful*, why is it, then, that Mr. SIKES would

that Posterity will know Dr. S. and with grateful remembrance too, for honest endeavours to set it *right*, long long after Mr. SIKES has been REDUCED TO DUST, and no chance remaining to him of being *once* remembered, except as MARKED in Dr. S—'s page.—Away with pride without *dignity* ; of importance without *merit* ; of blustering without *spirit* ; of fortune without a *generous, noble* soul to spend it ; and of pretensions to science, without *learning* or *knowledge*.

would exert himself all he can to abridge that usefulness? Had he taken similar pains to abridge the usefulness of the law (which preposterously and out of character *he has not*) the Lord Chancellor would have struck him out of the *quorum* long since. *Secundum facta et virtutes suas.*

How ridiculous has this gentleman, unprovoked and untempted by personal considerations, made himself!—If he is to grow wise in future, in consequence of what he may have seen, heard and felt, I shall sincerely congratulate him; if not, I cannot but pity him as a self-determined
IRRECLAIMABLE.

Stultitiam simulare loco, prudentia summa est.

But he has despised all remonstrances and admonitions given him by his best friends; and seems in mind determined that William Stevenson, M. D. shall not (if he can possibly prevent it) be *useful*!

Mortiferum in venas figens per vulnera virus.

W H A T has he to do with a physician
for

for Newark, more than any other private inhabitant there?—Yet he disturbs the town, and all conversations he is concerned in, with the hacknied subject of phyfic and Dr. Stevenson.

INSTEAD of declaiming on phyfic in private companies, totally ignorant of and justly nauseating such topics, with false and malevolent references to me, let him publish his medical knowledge (if he has any) to the world at large, and to the town of Newark in particular.

MY pamphlet charges him with palpable professional ignorance, or, which is the same thing, a blind, illiterate predilection for and attachment to the schools of antiquity, the dead maxims and aphorisms of remote times, when the art of healing was in its infancy: he should therefore *reply* to this pamphlet,* disproving, if

* It will be said, by our mighty men of literature and medical knowledge, upon finding it *inexpedient*
to

if he is able, its facts, its doctrines, and its reasoning.—Thus will conversation, one of the highest enjoyments of society, be freed of a disagreeable subject; my valuable friends, to whom my particular respect and gratitude are due, be no longer teased and *worried* on my account.—A man of true learning and sentiment would attack the *principal*, not his kind friends and advocates.*

THE

to answer the writer's book, "Oh, it is below notice, it doth not deserve an answer."

"The fox contemn'd the grapes as four,

"Because remov'd beyond his pow'r."

"Their lesson *such* from flies on chariots take,

"See! what a dust we *mighty insects* make."

* The malignity of my enemies, and equally so of humanity and science, is not content with incidental or ordinary exertions. They have, as it were, *invisible spies* upon me in every part of the town. If I am seen to go twice or thrice to a particular house, *that* house is marked for future incivility and rudeness; I mean, if it happen to be the house of an *equal*; if of a superior, they *dare* not be uncivil or rude.—Should it belong to a person in trade or business, if they formerly resorted to it as customers, they resort no more, and alas! prevail on their friends

THE town well knows that many heads have been knocking themselves against each other, at his house lately, to make out something of *law* or *reason* to fasten on me, *in like manner as my blisters* (I mean *facts*) *have* fastened on their burning professional shoulders.—Should the amount of their labours produce nothing by the *press*, or at the *bar*, to justify themselves and satisfy the world—what is to be said, but that these wise heads were—*venti contra ventos luctantes*; or more aptly,

Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.

BUT in *justification* of the many respectable people who generously have taken a part with me in my contest with the Newark apothecaries, I shall adduce
the

friends, who are mean enough to comply, to do so likewise.—Such littlenesses and dirty manoeuvrings would disgrace a *good* cause, as they certainly make a bad cause *worse*.—Were those who *chuse* not to be my friends, *good* men, men *fit* to die and give an account of their actions in another world, they would rejoice at my *usefulness* to the people, especially the *poor*, and not obstruct and calumniate it, as they do.

the example of Mr. SIKES HIMSELF, before *he*—“ did what he ought not to have done, and left undone those things which *he* ought to have done.” The following polite and respectful notes, two of them actually written, and the third dictated at least (if not written) by him, early after my arrival in Newark, will explain themselves. The last rises in expression of friendship and esteem, as if I had grown in his confidence. The first was received while I resided at the Saracen’s-Head.

I publish them, that the world may discriminate in future between the reality and the affectation of *character*.* I publish

* Is it not to be regretted that man takes unwearied trouble to improve every thing but *himself*, which it most behoves him to improve.—His domain, his paddock, his orchard, his park, his garden, his hot-beds, he will attend to with the nicest feelings and assiduities of elaborate cultivation; but his own *mind*, the fairest and noblest possession he can lay claim to, and where the seeds of those graces, virtues and habits should take root and grow, which will flourish through immortality, he leaves in a rude, uncultivated

lish them from a love of consistency and truth. I publish them that my friends may have it in their power to retort upon Mr. SIKES, by asking him, should they think it worth their while, why he could write in such terms to a person, *before he was known in the place*, and, afterward, quarrel with his friends for their kindness and attachment *to that very person*, *after he was generally respected in consequence of being known*.—*Suo sibi hunc jugulo gladio.*

He

cultivated state, for every rank weed of passion and appetite to shoot up in and deform the intellectual landskip.—With half the pains and expence to cultivate the heart and the understanding, that we squander on the improvement of our estates, we should be a new glorious race of moral beings in half a century; would be the delight of our creator to behold, and the longing expectation of invisible spirits to have us among them when we die—On the contrary, it comes to pass that mankind, particularly the *great*, leave every thing dear to them behind, when they cease to breathe. They cannot take their elegant villas, domestics, chariots, horses, hounds, &c. along with them; so that they must wake in another world, if the doom of annihilation has not been graciously pronounced upon them before,

He is publicly called upon for a solution of this enigma of conduct. Whatever he may have done in his *medical dictatorship*, before I came to Newark, no procedure of his relative to the profession I have the honour to call mine, shall pass undetected and unexposed. It is enough that the people should have a poor chance for their lives in the hands of the *practising apothecaries*, without falling into the hands

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fore, the poorest creatures possible to be conceived, an utter astonishment to themselves and all around. —Let any *great man* be deprived, even in this world, of his fine seat, property and amusements, which the delight of his soul had been long fixt upon, and consolidated into *habit*, how perfectly wretched would he be, the pity associated with the contempt of every eye! Such will be his state when he rises in another world, with the afflicting circumstance of eternal privation of what his soul loved, exquisitely to aggravate his punishment. But it strikes me, the DEITY will be so gracious as not to raise such a person from the dead. Indeed, I am often impressed with the notion, that the wise *alone*, the pious, the virtuous, and the just, will have the transcendant privilege of *Immortality* conferred upon them. However,

Non metuit mortem qui scit contemnere vitam.

of one who has been *out of practice* for near thirty years. And kind was Providence to the people in throwing away riches on a man who, had necessity obliged him to continue selling and prescribing drugs, would, in my opinion, have been the means of *professionally* destroying, it is more than probable, hundreds of lives. I may add farther that, if his *fellow apprentice*, Mr. Milnes, has all along practised as I know him to have done since I came to Newark, he too, it is more than probable, has been the means of *professionally* destroying hundreds of lives.—The practice of both is mostly irrational and absurd. Yet in excuse for them I must say, that their's is the practice of apothecaries, in general, throughout the kingdom, and I wish I could not add, of many *physicians* also.

UNFORTUNATELY for the world too, such practice is far more lucrative to those who follow it, than the reverse would be; I mean, that built on simple data and enlightened

lightened principles.—But I shall detain the reader no longer from the *promised notes*, which I confess can be of no other consequence to him than as collaterally connected with a subject of general moment and utility, in which himself perhaps, among others, is or may be interested.

No. I.

“MR. SIKES presents compliments to Dr. Stephenfon, is very sorry it was not in his power to reply to the favor of the Drs. message, at the time it was delivered,—had intended himself the honor of making his personal excuses, but is so lame this afternoon, is *affraid* he will not be able to walk as far as the Drs. inn.—If Dr. S. is disengaged this afternoon Mr. S. will be glad to see him to tea.”*

Sunday afternoon.

Dr. Stephenfon,
Saracen's-Head Inn.

No.

* This was in answer to a letter of introduction I had to Mr. SIKES, from a kind and worthy friend in Nottingham, the mention of whose name, at present, is not necessary.

No. 2.

“**D**R. HALLILAY returns his most respectful compliments to Dr. Stevenson, and takes the earliest opportunity, after his arrival at Langford, to present his sincerest thanks for the great tenderness, and civility expressed in Dr. S—’s polite card of Wednesday last. The tender sensibilities of the human heart will ever, in the estimation of the worthy part of mankind, be the strongest marks of its value.”*

“Dr. H. will be very happy to see Dr. S. whenever it may suit his convenience.”

Langford *Fryday* noon.

Dr. Stevenson,
Newark.

No. 3.

“*Dr. Dr.*

“**I** Think just as you do concerning the delicate matter, contained in your obliging

* This has all the appearance of having been written, as well as dictated, by Mr. SIKES. If not, *he* is to declare the contrary.

bliging favor to me of this morning—but I *coud* wish, for the sake of motives I *cant* so well explain to you in this way, that you *woud* do me the honor of a call some time to day, at tea if convenient, that I may talk the matter more at large, and your satisfaction.* I am

With esteem

Very much yours

J. SIKES.

Newark 29th. May 1781,

Dr. Stephenfon.

THE foregoing require no comment but that of simply *confronting* and *comparing*.—I shall, in this Preface, incroach no farther on the reader's patience, whom I beg leave to consider as the friend of mankind, and, consequently (I pride myself in the thought) *my* friend, than to lay before him extracts from two letters,
I

* The purport of this note, refers to a matter in which the public are no wise concerned. It originated in *busy* chit-chat, and, afterward, deservedly spent itself on—the desert air.

I lately received, flattering to my medical intentions and plan, among several others no less so, but the insertion of which would take up too much room. Both are from distant patients, one a man of fashion and condition in London, and the other a Reverend clergyman, and one of the greatest Hebrew scholars and critics of the age; whose last publication* I have read with much pleasure and instruction, as throwing light, energy, consistence and beauty on several parts of the Old Testament, which, I confess, in the common translation, have often puzzled and perplexed me. But—*qui ad Philosophorum scholas venit, aut sanior domum redeat, aut sanabilior.*—This being true with regard to Heathen, must be pre-eminently so with

* Entitled, Poetical Parts of the Old Testament, newly translated from the Hebrew: with Notes critical and explanatory. Cambridge printed, for J. Dodsley, Pall-Mall, London.—A book, no one enamoured of sacred literature, or liberal, elegant translation, should be without.

with regard to CHRISTIAN philosophers.—It may likewise be observed,

Sermo datur cunctis, animi sapientia paucis.

“ Dear Sir,

“ AT this season of universal festivity, and mutual congratulation, I must begin with heartily wishing you many lasting and happy returns of the same: and that all your endeavours may be crowned with that meritorious success which they certainly deserve; as they are manifestly meant and principally tend to the general good and improvement of mankind.”

“ Dear Sir,

“ I Call you dear, not because you are my friend, for I am scarce known to you, but because every friend of mankind is dear to me. I have read your apology, which my sister was so kind as to send us 120 miles; and I like the honest indignation

nation you express against your adversaries, and the manly eloquence in which you express it. I am glad I have read it, because now I can consult you in a case of my own, with pleasure and confidence."

* * * *

"Your *levee of paupers* pleases me greatly. Poor creatures! How few of the great have such levees! and yet they are, as you observe, God's peculiar children. How much happier to be at the head of your levee than that of the prime minister!—He must be content with the flatteries and thanks of a few hungry sycophants, who have bartered away their honesty and votes for his favour; whereas the accumulated blessings of those who were ready to perish will come upon your head, and in such circumstances God pays a peculiar regard to their prayers."

NEXT to the approbation of one's own mind, the applause and grateful remembrance of the sensible and good are tributes, at all times, highly gratifying, and may be

be prided in and reported without any just imputation of vanity. The restoration of health is one of the highest human blessings, and the circumstance of bestowing it on the meritorious and useful, men who labour in will, wish and act, for the good of mankind, greatly enhances the bestower's satisfaction. *Infelicitèr ægrotat, cui plus periculi a medico, quam a morbo.*—To restore a person to health and strength, is an inferior sort of anticipated *resurrection*.—To follow up this vein of sentiment, how blessed a thing will it be to *live* in undisturbed possession of health and happiness through all eternity! Who would not be virtuous and exemplarily good for so high, so glorious a purchase!—But to close this Preface,

THE reviewers, as the literary servants of the public, are called upon to do their duty, by laying extracts before the reader of the most important parts of this work.*

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The

* The term *duty* is not too strong: to it I would add *moral*; nor should I mistake, if I added the term *religious* also.

The selection I would fain persuade myself, will be candid. This is undoubtedly all they have a *right* to do, as reviewers. They are not judges or a jury ultimately to determine a question, for such must be *appointed*. What authority has appointed *them*?—They *review* publications; that is, *look them over*, to give abstracts of their doctrines and reasoning, but not to drop one word of stricture or criticism. If disposed to the latter, let any one of them reply to the author, in a *detached* publication, and do his best to disprove my positions and arguments, at the same time, *sign his name*: he shall be heartily welcome; and we shall then meet on fair and honourable ground. I know my undisguised reprobation of the bark, in the face of so many celebrated names, will not *sit light on their systematic stomachs*. But this I cannot help: I could wish to impart to them a *good digestion*. They have, however, many *cacochymical indigestors*, to keep them in countenance. All our *provincial* physicians, almost to a man, think I have
gone

gone *too far* in my disapprobation of the *Jesuitical* specific. No doubt, those of the capital will think sympathetically with them on the subject. Indeed the voice of *one* is generally the voice of *all*; and the voice of all *no more* than the voice of one. This with integrity I can affirm, that THE PERUVIAN PANACEA *has always disappointed me*; and, that, with great success in practice, *I never make use of it*.

I make no apology for the bold unre-servedness of my strictures on other than those which may be esteemed *medical subjects*. All subjects lie open and unoccupied, to the liberal and disinterested philosopher.—With respect to the world at large, I am a citizen of it; with respect to Christianity, I am a sincere believer in and member of it; and with respect to the British empire, I am a denizen or free-man of it. Under these three designations, I have a right, nay, have a *commission*, superior to any princes can bestow, to examine every subject, and to sift it
to

to the bottom—" *Nam corpus hoc animi pondus et pœna est, nisi accessit PHILOSOPHIA, et illum resperare rerum Naturæ spectaculo jussit.*—*Vetas me cælo interesse, id est, jubes me vivere capite demisso.* Had Seneca been a Christian, with a practice correspondent to a theory thus finely expressed, he would have done honour to his faith, and been a first rate character.—WE NEED SUCH.

SHALL reviewers make free with *all* subjects, who, only write for *bread* from the booksellers, (no man would otherwise submit to the drudgery and irksomeness of a *catamenian scribe*) and shall a writer, whose *principal* gratification is the good and happiness of the world, in general, with no regard to *factions*, be denied the privilege?

To have done:—in my next publication, now in the press, the history of *ten new cases* shall be given in detail, farther confirmatory and illustrative of the writer's

ter's practice: a practice, except when the absolute law of mortality, "dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return," interposes, which will never fail of success, either totally or partially, assisted by its indispensable concomitant, generous and liberal support in the dietetic way. Four of these cases are *chirurgical*; to which, in many instances, the writer's plan applies, with equal facility and good fortune, as to those complaints of the human body more strictly called *diseases*.—These cases, I hope, will effectually demonstrate the *absolute insignificance of the Peruvian Bark*, on the efficacy of which our physicians doat and dream, to the exclusion of *active, powerful* medicines. Let them publish their opinions on this subject, and not obtrude them *on private circles*, which know no more of the Bark, except from numerous recollections of its *negative or nugatory* powers, than of the—*antediluvian world*.

POSTSCRIPT.

P O S T S C R I P T.

HA V I N G received the following generous communication, by letter, from a Gentleman high up in the ranks of life and literature; to the *bad*, a determined, formidable, dreaded foe; and to the *good*, a warm, steady, disinterested friend: I cannot resist the temptation of publishing it, as I have the kind writer's most obliging permission to do so, in the following terms. "You may relate the contents of my former letter, or any part of it, in your own words or mine, just as you please. My name is always at the service of an honest man." The letter will shew the views and designs of my professional enemies, and that they will, apparently, stop at nothing to crush any attempt to curtail their enormous emoluments of trade, or expose their want of medical erudition and knowledge. These interested men truly represent Demetrius and the craftsmen of old, and who intended

serious

serious mischief to the great champion of Christianity at Ephesus, had they not been over-ruled. Their consigning the task of answering my book to genius and talents acknowledged (waving it themselves from a just idea of their own insufficiency) admirably verifies also the sacred historian's remark on the Ephesian silversmiths and workmen of like occupation, that "some cried one thing and some another; *for the assembly was confused*, and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together."—But with *truth* and the *friends of truth* at my back, I hope every thing, and fear nothing. It may be proper to observe, that the liberal minded and public spirited *combination of apothecaries* were unexpectedly (though deservedly) *taken in*, as they had no suspicion of my having the honour to call Mr. THICKNESSE *my friend*. Afterward, however, they began to find it out, as should seem presumable from the *anxious importunity* (see the *second* letter inserted) to have my book returned, which had been put into Mr.

THICKNESSE'S

THICKNESSE's hands. The letter alluded to in the parenthesis, is *without a name*.

L E T T E R F I R S T.

“ Dear Sir,

London, Feb. 4.

“ **B**EING in town, I was on Saturday applied to, and offered an hundred guineas to *dress a certain physician* who had offended, in an high degree, the apothecaries of a courtly city;* and, indeed, all apothecaries whatever, who have formed a purse to reward the *dresser*.—The doctor's book was put into my hands, when, to my great surprise! I found your name in the title page! I need not tell you

* Bath, most probably, as it exceeds all places of its size in number of apothecaries, the largeness of bills, and the abuse of medicines; though there should be less of the trade in that city than any other place, as the pretence for going to Bath is exclusively almost to drink *the waters*; for GOD knows, the unhappy invalids, whom *fashionable necessity* is wont to drive thither, may have taken drugs enow in other places, without swallowing them *supertrogonally*, in aid of the Bathonian springs.

you that I declined the task of attempting to *dress* an honest man. A rogue I am as ready to attack as you are; but, GOD forbid that I should ever attempt to hurt a good man, even if he was in an error.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely.

P. THICKNESSE."

" P. S. The young man told me that they intend to prosecute you for *defamation*.*—Take care what you write and what you say; for *they* will move heaven and earth to catch you napping."

ADDRESSED,

Dr. Stevenfon,

Newark.

* Defamation! For telling scientific and professional truths? Defamation! For opening the eyes of mankind to the errors, blunders, tricks and frauds of a trade? Glorious the defamation, and meritorious the defamer!—Who are to be my judge and jury? The Monthly, Critical or London reviewers; the royal college of physicians, or—though last not least in the *grand design*—the corporation of apothecaries in Bath? They can *return* a member of

LETTER SECOND.*

February 26th, 1782.

“THE Gentleman at Mr. Brown’s will be obliged to Mr. Thicknesse to return Dr. *Stevenson’s* Cases immediately by the Coach.”

“Mr. T. must recollect its being mentioned, oftener than once, that *the book* was borrowed; and he must also recollect promising to return *it* in the course of two or three days.—The owner of the book has *importunately* demanded it for several successive days, and declares he has *reasons* for his demand, and will no longer be disappointed.—As Mr. Thicknesse has doubtless

of parliament, *secundam artem*, I allow; but *that* is THEIR *ne plus*.—Am I to be tried by the people? I shall have *nine-tenths* of them honourably to acquit me.—Something of the kind has been attempted in Newark, but instead of *lucem ex fumo*, we have had *fumum ex fulgore*. I would advise all such, in the Roman poet’s pretty words,

“—— *versate due quid ferre recusent,*

“*Quid valeant humeri*”——

* Alluded to in the parenthesis.

doubtless taken away *the book* by mistake, and as the owner is so *very desirous** of having it immediately, the Gentleman must request its being sent to Mr. Brown's without loss of time."

"Should Mr. T. intend to enter into the dispute *at Newark*, the Gentleman hopes it will not be from *his* information; for he *now* has reason to believe that *it is not to be depended upon*. But if Mr. T. has any such intention, *he* will make further enquiry. Mr. T. would not have been troubled by a person under such obligations, could *the pamphlet* have been procured in London."†

ADDRESSED,

Philip Thicknesse, Esq.
Bath.

C A S E S

* I have taken, I will be allowed to say, a *just* liberty to throw several SIGNIFICANT words, occurring LETTER SECOND, into *Italics*.

† The Pamphlet is *now* procurable in London; and is to—answer for itself.

E R R A T A.

Page xxxv, for *incapacity of*, read *incapacity for*.—
 Page xxxi, Note, for *now which*, read *on which*.—
 Page xli, for *occupied by*, read *occupied with*.—Page
 lii, Note, for *tauciturnity*, read *taciturnity*.—Page
 lxii, Note, for *would be*, read *should be*.—Page 4, for
cotinued, read *continued*.—Page 6, *in* omitted.—Page
 9, Note, for *time*, read *times*.—Page 21, for *satis-
 faction*, read *satisfaction*.—Page 37, for *fortune*, read
fortune.—Page 52, for *secumdam*, read *secundam*.—
 Page 75, for *authoritty*, read *authority*.—Page 81,
 Note, for *WILL*, read *SHALL*.—Page 82, a *full stop*
 after *cordials*.—Page 91, for *butrefs*, read *butressing*.
 —Page 115, after *good*, a *comma*.—Page 123, for *it
 is*, read *it be*.—Page 129, for *jea-* read *jealous*.—
 Page 151, for *life*, read *life*.—Page 172, Note, *stop
 of interrogation* after *kings*.—Page 183, Note, for
phisiologist, read *physiologist*.—Page 211, for *becham-
 ber*, read *bedchamber*.

C A S E S

I N

M E D I C I N E, &c.

I N justice to the public, to a liberal and honourable profession, and to myself, I am called upon briefly to justify *my mode of practice*, with reference to a combination of the apothecaries of Newark against it.* It is a matter of serious concern, entitled to public discussion; and not a job between one professional man and another, *transacted in secret*. Such, I have ever detested and opposed, and ever shall. My views are humane and generous, I will be allowed to say, towards mankind; nor should the pecuniary emoluments of any profession preponderate in the scale against the common interest and

A welfare

* I except one of the faculty.

welfare of the world. Short facts are the best arguments. They may be sometimes viewed through jaundiced mediums ; but, for the most part, they will enlighten and convince.

I came to Newark on the most liberal plan.—Men of honour and sentiment will never adopt any other.—I brought warm letters of recommendation to some of the principal inhabitants, and was politely received. My predecessor, a respectable man, was then living ; but generally thought to be incurably gone in a pulmonary decline. To remove all doubts and suspicions, I wrote to him first ; and afterward, at a personal interview, assured him, my views in coming to Newark were of the most *disinterested* kind, and so far from being meant to hurt his feelings in the slightest degree, that I should immediately relinquish the field, upon his being able to reassume his business ; in the mean time offering to attend any of his patients, either in town or country, that were de-
prived

prived of the advantage of his personal visits.

Dr. Halilay acknowledged the openness and candour of my conduct : his friends did the same, to whom I had made a similar declaration ; and every thing bore the fairest appearance, and received, in all conversations, the happiest construction. Indeed my being on the spot some time before my worthy predecessor's death was of advantage to him, as it tended to keep others out of his professional circuit, who might not have carried themselves towards him with equal delicacy, or sentimental justice.

TILL death happily relieved Dr. H. from the distress of a lingering and hopeless disorder, I lay by, without any efforts to enlarge my acquaintance or procure patients ; that not the smallest nerve of sensibility, affecting the doctor or his friends, should suffer from me.

U P O N the field being my own, business gradually came in, and, for some time, the apothecaries politely showed me every flattering attention.—The medical horizon, however, soon became overspread with thick clouds ; my *brethren* began to look shy at me, and to whisper certain ungracious insinuations respecting a design I seemed to have of *starving them*, by curing my patients with *few* drugs.—In short, it was at length broadly declared, that if I continued to disregard their *interest* in such a manner, I was to expect no patients of *their* procuring.—This was at least an *honest* declaration, to the strict meaning of which they have, except one gentleman, steadily adhered.

N O W is the proper time to take notice that, for many years past, I have found my success in practice exactly in proportion to the simplicity of my prescriptions, and a close attention to what the powers of the constitution can do with little help. In short, the oftener I receded from the
schools,

schools, the seldomer I failed to cure my patient ; or, to vary the account, the fewer medicines I ordered from the apothecary's shop, I have ever invariably found by far the greater number of recoveries happen in my hands.

ON this plan, so totally different from that of my brethren, I have made enemies among them, according to the extent of my success in recovering patients.—Why they should be so, the world will be at no loss to form a judgment. I shall ever pride myself in being the *people's physician*, (which I have been for many years past in more than one place) and envy not the strict union and intimacy of the several branches of the faculty with each other. I only beg leave to observe, in general, that, when it is so, detached from the consideration of moral character and religious worth, which are the attributes of the man, not of a profession ; I say when it is so, “ there is something rotten in the state of Denmark ;” and the people are to
be

be roused to a sense of safety, respecting their lives and constitutions, by every fair, rational method thrown their way.—To rouse them by every such means in my power—by the press, in conversation, and in the ordinary course of medical practice—has been, and ever shall be, my unwearied study and endeavour. I have lived to near middle age in the cause, unrelaxed and unintimidated, and I shall die in it.

THE cause of the people, is the cause of GOD; and every, though learned, trade that steps in *between*, is an enemy to *both*, however disguised behind the plausible mask of professional courtesy and address.—Behind this disguise, men are daily amassing fortunes, while the art of healing halts upon crutches, and blunders as much as it did a century ago.—And it will never be otherwise, while amassing fortunes is the *universal passion*, and gold is worshipped by individuals of a profession, with a truth, constancy, and ardour, unknown to the worship of the Deity who made us.

WHEN

W H E N I see professional men hastening into the vale of years, with grey-growing locks, and time beginning his broad and deep furrows on their foreheads ; when I see them bustling to enlarge fortunes they already cannot spend, and blundering from day to day on the absurd maxims of a century ago, without daring to look to the right hand or to the left of science and philosophy *illuminating the devious path* : I pity the *man*, at the same time that I condemn and reprobate the *professional* character.

I have had *my* opportunities of making a fortune ; but *felt* them so much in opposition to my principles and convictions, so much at war with the peace and happy enjoyment of my own mind, that I relinquished them to those who could toil behind a popular vizor, to accumulate *the king's* cold, lifeless, and senseless HEAD ; which, of course, they must leave behind them in a few years, destitute of the only comfort I know on a *death-bed*, which is,
the

the consideration of having despised, all their lives, the making of *those* very fortunes they may have made.—This is the voice of philosophy, and of a system infinitely superior to it in all respects, I mean the *Christian Religion*. It begins with recommendations, nay commands, to despise riches and not to accumulate property, and ends with them.

THE reader will excuse my growing morally serious, because I am convinced that, till the love of riches and the ardour of amassing them, are blunted and moderated by a true philosophy and a rational acquaintance with Revelation, every profession will continue to abound with *tricks*, *frauds*—and *impositions*: to the discomfort of mankind, and the degradation of the human character.—Though these sentiments stand on the broad basis of philosophical, as well as revealed, truth, I am considered as a singular and unaccountable man, for adopting them, and acting in my professional character accordingly.—
Indeed,

Indeed, I have been so accustomed, for many years, to *this* singularity of character being imputed to me, that were it now to become the reverse, I should begin to think myself singular.

I write with firmness, because I have for many years past been *used* to write for the public, under various signatures, sometimes with the authentication of my own name. To be at leisure for writing, with a degree of practice, on the whole, not incompatible with it, was the principal inducement that brought me to Newark, through the venerable medium of the Rev. Dr. *Wilson* of Bath.* I love Newark, (and have

* Son to the late most virtuous, self-denied, charitable and pious bishop of *Sodor* and *Man*; the only *Apostolic* bishop who has done honour to modern time.—Happy! were the present *Bench* like him, even in a *removed* degree; instead of amassing large fortunes, for *doing nothing*, (for curates are the labourers in the vineyard) living in luxury and effeminacy; burning incense at court; cringing at levees; dabbling in politics; interfering in war; and being accessory, by all along favouring our unnatural

have much reason to love it, from the manly, firm, and, above all, *disinterested* attachment of many of its worthiest Inhabitants ; to whom my particular thanks are due, and to whom I shall ever be proud to be useful) notwithstanding the unaccountable opposition raised against me in it; I know not for what, unless it be that I never offended any one in the town, and that I strangely cure my patients with as few drugs as possible, and in as simple forms :

ral attack upon the *Americans*, our Protestant brethren and fellow citizens, to the threatened and but too propable downfall of our once dreaded and illustrious empire!!—"A bishop must be BLAMELESS; given to hospitality, (not to the *rich*, but to the *needy*—the rich require it not) not given to wine; no STRIKER, (this includes *all acts of violence*, whether personal or by consent) NOT GREEDY OF FILTHY LUCRE; not a brawler, (no intermeddler with state affairs or national disputes). Moreover, he must have a GOOD REPORT of them which ARE WITHOUT, (that is, of ALL DISSENTERS) lest he fall into reproach, and the snare of the devil."—Such was *Timothy*, and such was the late *Bishop Wilson*. But what living prelate can fit for the likeness?—Knew I where to find him, I should travel a thousand miles to pay my duty and respects to him.

forms : a species of *guilt* which I have no doubt will be pardoned in another world, whatever may be its professional fate in this.

HAVING, I am afraid, encroached on the patience of the reader, by a string of *egotisms* and general remarks, a singular case will come under his eye, (introductory to others) at once interesting to *every* family, the feelings of a respectable *one* in particular, and, to the last and least of all, interesting to myself.—The matter shall be cut short.—I would here consider the reader as a philosopher, a man of independent sentiment, who will not take a side, because he happens to be born such a one's *relation*.—Under so honourable an appellation, I have no scruple to submit the following case to his good sense and candour; a case, authenticated by the *very* person concerned, which, for the honour of physic and professional ingenuity, is not, I hope, upon clinical record.

S O O N after my arrival in Newark, I was sent for by Mrs. L O W E,* to attend her daughter, whose case was *almost* esteemed a lost one. I, however, upon examining appearances and symptoms, did not think so, as the young lady's vitals seemed to be perfectly sound, and she had no hectic or symptomatic fever of any consideration. At the same time I candidly acknowledge this, it was and is my opinion, that if the manner of treating her had not been materially changed, she must have fallen a victim to the duration of her disorder, by the humor falling on her lungs, or elsewhere.

I found her, indeed, in a deplorable condition ; a virulent scorbutic humour spread over her neck, face, head, &c.†
the

* I have the Lady's obliging permission to mention her name.

† It has been said, how could this Lady allow her child's case to be made public, as it might prove a bar to the pretty creature's future fortune?—The very reverse will result, and should have suggested
itself

the inside of one ear in an ulcerated state, and discharging a corrosive matter; one eye (both bad) threatened with total blindness, in such a state of inflammation, and so exquisitely painful, as not to bear the smallest access of light; and her general habit reduced and emaciated. She was costive, restless at night; and in short, both day and night, uneasy, sore, and distressed all over.

SHE had been Mr. Milnes's patient for a long time before, had taken a number of drugs, and was daily growing worse,
to

itself to the meanest common sense. But common sense, really, becomes every day more and more uncommon. Her constitution is *renewed*, and her beauty *already* restored; what then must it be when my patient is grown up to the years of attraction and sensibility?—It forms part of another work to prove that children which break out when they are young, if not mismanaged in the presumptuous hands of ignorance, always turn out the healthiest and most beautiful men and women. Happy were it for those who take upon them to criticise and comment, often without reason or argument, that their motives and principles were as *pure*, as is *now* the constitution of my little innocent!

to the inexpressible affliction of a most tender mother and affectionate family.— Mr. Milnes mistook the case, and consequently mismanaged it. The humour first attacked the lower extremities. Judicious practice would have certainly discharged it thence, by visicatorial apertures properly sustained, instead of using desiccatives, (which are always repellents) whereby the flow of acrid humours tended upwards, and got as far as they could go, which was to the opposite extremity, the head. There, treated in a similar way, they could not have remained long, but soon must have fallen upon the lungs, and carried off the little innocent.

IN the critical interval, I was sent for, when matters soon began to put on a better face, under the blessing of Providence, which always propitiates the second means, when rational and upright.

TWO medical indications of the last importance in Miss J. Lowe's case, were
either

either misapprehended, or neglected.—She was kept on so poor and low a regimen, that her constitution was rendered unable to make any effort for itself. In such a case, what can even the best forms of medicine do, but miserably disappoint the flattering expectations of friends, trifle with valuable lives, and heap up the apothecary's file?—In the instance under consideration, the practice had the worst effects, by interrupting all the secretions, more and more vitiating the juices, and increasing the general acrimony, already uncommonly alarming. With respect to the other indication, the intestinal canal was suffered to remain loaded with ill-conditioned, tenacious mucus, and putrid bile; whence an ob sorption constantly took place, heightening all the bad symptoms; whilst the little patient was cheated of half the nourishment she was even permitted to have.

THIS will ever happen, when the orifices of the lacteals are choaked up with
thick,

thick, viscid matter, which not only prevents the nutritious chyle from passing into the system freely, but assimilates to itself the very fluid it obstructs, and thus increases the morbid state of the bowels. —Practitioners of all kinds should attend to this circumstance. It is a leading one in most chronic complaints, especially of children, and perfectly accounts for the hardness and fulness of the belly, the pallid, sickly, bilious complexions, we meet with every day.

M O S T of my brethren are cowards in practice, with regard to medicines that unload the stomach and intestines; while, with the hand of steady boldness, they will take away large quantities of the purest blood of the body, and consequently, leave it robbed of so much of its *life*.—I have no doubt of the lancet having destroyed more lives, than the tommahawk, or scalping-knife. My brethren trifle with ipecacuanha, manna, salts, buckthorn, &c. whilst they leave the grand officinal evacuants

cuants almost untried. Superstitiously attached to the schools, and to proævian forms of prescribing, they render the success in practice, between them and *old women*, a matter of difficult decision.*

FROM the foregoing narrative the judicious

* In cases where emetics or purgatives are necessary, from three to seven grains of emetic tartar, either in powder or solution, with nothing to drink till the medicine begin to act reversely; is my favourite prescription, respecting the first; and respecting the latter, pills, adjusted in their power of operating according to the circumstances of age and strength, made of Socotorine, or Hepatic aloes, jalap, or scammony, with the strongest antimonial ingredients. The operation of these, judiciously supported, never disappoints me.—Where worms are suspected, with their viscous slimy beds, nothing acts more powerfully than calomel pills, from four to twenty grains, given at bed-time, and, next morning, assisted by strong bitter purgative draughts. The very weight of the pill hurries down every thing loose or moveable in its way, besides its specific deleterious quality (as it is said) against worms.— Sometimes, when taken to the extent of Gr. octo vel decim, it gently pukes, if there is any thing foul in the stomach; but, in general, is mild and kindly in its operation, and never affects the mouth, as not getting time to enter the system. Nothing but professional inexperience will dread its effects.

icious medical reader will anticipate my manner of treating my little patient. She was so extremely reduced and low, that I paused a few days that she might pick up a little strength, to render her a safe subject for the operation of medicine, allowing her wine or brandy in her afs's milk, and every kind of light animal food. This had the desired effect; she became stronger; in consequence of which I opened a pretty large blister on each arm, and gave her, occasionally, as strong purgatives as her weak condition admitted of.

H E R blisters continued to discharge happily for *eight weeks*, and, so far from weakening her, as vulgar prejudices might apprehend, she grew visibly stronger every week; insomuch that I added considerably to the operative power of her purging vermifuge medicines. They brought away, at different times, large quantities of blackish viscid matter, foetid bile, with obvious appearances of worms and their beds broken down, but discriminable from
the

the ropy, slimy stuff with which they were entangled. The runnings every where began to lessen and dry up, by slow degrees, while nature co-operated with art by forming a considerable lump behind the ear, which, by proper applications, broke, suppurated, and healed.

A L O N G with these happy appearances, my patient's eyes grew gradually recovered from the inflammation which rendered them so exceedingly irritable, owing to the humours obstructing their vessels and overspreading their surface. In short, *my* little maid is now perfectly recovered, the agreeable surprise of those who never expected to see her down stairs, and a living, pleasing memorial of a *rational plan*, pursued with steadiness and perseverance on the one hand, and confidence and magnanimity on the other.—May she live long, the delight of her parents, and an incitement, as often as she is seen, or her name mentioned, to practitioners in physic, *not* to undertake the management of cases they
D are

are totally ignorant of, relying on the futile and beggarly compositions of the shops!

W H E N I say perfectly recovered, it is no draw-back on the truth of the assertion to tell the candid reader, that a little superficial scab-like appearance, about the corners of her mouth, still remains, obviously in the act of scaling off;* and that those eyes, which once could not suffer the smallest ray of light to enter them, now opposed to the dazzling light of noon, betray a degree of sensibility and weakness. My gentle convalescent eats her meals heartily; sleeps well; is as strong on her legs as most children of her age; alert and sprightly at her little plays; capable of any exercise, and of enjoying every object, suitable to her time of life.

N. B.

* A week or two after, even this remnant appearance went totally off, leaving my patient's skin as soft and clear as possible. Indeed, she mended so *progressively*, that the *reality* of her recovery was thereby ascertained. Sudden *cures* (as they are called) are oftentimes sudden and more fatal relapses.

N. B. For the authenticity of *every* particular contained in the foregoing narrative and case, I appeal—to the only proper authority—to the parents and friends of Miss J. Lowe.

BUT I have not done with Mr. Milnes, though, with much satisfaction, I have with my patient.—He is to be brought before the tribunal of the public, and there acquitted or condemned, as that most respectable tribunal shall see cause. I acknowledge no other, never have, nor ever shall. The authority of Dr. such-a-one, be he even on the first list of London practitioners, is no authority to me ; much less that of any neighbouring physician ; and still infinitely less, that of any apothecary, whether a practitioner now, or one who practised thirty years ago. I know no such men as umpires or arbitrators. Reason, or Common Sense, shall be my only judge, and facts and arguments, the only jury that shall be admissible to try me.

WHEN

WHEN the recovery of Miss J. Lowe became an object of public notoriety, something must be done to throw a degree of credit I obtained, on the occasion, into shade. The attempt, indeed, was no less impolitic, than it was disingenuous and wicked.—Upon my patient's growing so strong as to bear powerful evacuations, which I saw to be immediately necessary, I first ordered *Mercur. dulc. Gr. quinque*, made into a pill, to be taken at bed-time, and to be carried out of the system next morning by a purgative draught. The pill had no visible effect, and the dose, upon the whole, did not amount to my expectations. Next I ordered *Mercur. dulc. Gr. sex.* with a stronger co-operating purgative potion, to be taken as before. These also disappointed me, having an effect very inadequate to the necessity of the case. Resolving to effect my purpose, which was pretty plentifully to empty, I increased the pill to *Gr. octo*, as well as the powers of the accompanying draught. The apothecary, alarmed at
 eight

eight grains of calomel to be given, at once, to a child, was struck with professional horrors—paused and muttered—muttered and paused again, at the magnitude of the danger; but, not trusting to his own fund of medical knowledge, (God knows, small *indeed*) he precautiously inclosed, sealed, and transmitted the *dangerous* prescription to a *learned* brother, for his *superior* advice and direction.

THE reader will smile when he is told *who* that learned brother was, *viz.* a person who was himself an apothecary about thirty years ago, though now in an independent rank of life.—But it is no time to be otherwise than serious.

THE family, where I attended, hearing a confident report, in the town, that Mr. Milnes had altered a prescription of mine, ordered for Miss J. Lowe, and that if he had not altered it, the consequences to my patient might have been fatal, (it was mentioned in another way by the propagators,

pagators, but I am not fond of vulgar language) made it a point to have an interview between the apothecary and me. At the meeting, the former at once acknowledged the fact, (in this instance *he* had merit) alledging at the same time, that he sent my prescription sealed to his *learned* brother, to prevent the world knowing any thing of it. The fact being ascertained before three witnesses, from his own mouth, shortened the business.

I told Mr. Milnes it was a serious affair, and, as the public were particularly concerned in it, that I should lay it before them, and await their sentence. I mentioned moreover, that altering a physician's prescription, abstracted from the moral delinquency of it, was a *crime* actionable at law, and might be subject to returns of damages and costs. I am convinced there is not a jury in England but would give them. On this uncommon affair, I shall beg the reader's attention to a few obvious remarks.

No apothecary has a right to change, alter, or modify a physician's prescription, upon any account; because a physician, graduated at a royal college, acts by royal authority, and is alone the responsible man for the effects of the medicines he employs. As such I had the honour to be intrusted with the care of Miss J. Lowe, in a most critical state of health. Mr. Milnes's applying to a second person for his concurrence, made the matter worse, as it was bringing another to share his *guilt*; and because that person was as little authorized as himself to take so unwarrantable a liberty:

I use the term—guilt—with the strictest propriety; for the consequences might have involved the death of a patient, the forfeited peace and happiness of a worthy family, and the destruction of an innocent man's professional character.—That such consequences did not ensue, was not owing to Mr. Milnes, or his accomplice, the mayor of a town, and a magistrate for the county:

county. As it was, there existed a treacherous, underhand combination, of two persons, against the child, the family it belonged to, and the attendant physician, who, for some weeks, with the easy confidence of unfuspicion, was going on in the administration of medicines as his *own*, while, in fact, they were the medicines of *two others*, only authorized to prescribe by *their mutual good opinion of themselves*.

H E R E let it be noted, that medicines *laid aside*, are medicines *unordered*; or, in other words, that the last prescription, superceding others that went before, amounts to the same thing as if those others had never been ordered. Mr. Milnes then and his secret coadjutor, one of them an acting, the other a *quondam* apothecary, stand accusable, at the bar of the public, for suppressing my prescription, and substituting one of their own in the place of it: for, as I said before, the moment I diffused two preceding forms, *these* forms ceased to be mine.

THUS,

THUS, then, my patient, Miss Lowe, unknown to me, unknown to the family, and unknown to the world, all alike deceived, for some weeks was under the management of two persons, acting clandestinely and collusively; who, in any case, have no legal authority to prescribe, and, in the one alluded to, were *particularly* interdicted from prescribing, by every sentiment of professional honour, and moral integrity.*

E

HAD

* Mr. Milnes, reduced to the last shift of conscious misconduct, alledged, in his defence, that, as Miss J. Lowe is a ward under the guardianship of Mr. SIKES, he judged it to be prudent and proper to consult him on the occasion. How futile the apology! How difficult to reconcile the dissingenuous arts of a sordid profession to moral sentiment!—The parent is the NATURAL guardian of her child, and supercedes every other. Beside, there was another guardian in the family, a GRANDFATHER.—Both these had no scruple to intrust me with the child's life; and were not their joint authority quite sufficient?—Moreover, it was an obvious step of honour and duty for the *nominal* to have talked over the affair with the *acting* guardians, and then, along with the physician, to have finally adjusted the whole. As the matter now stands, the apology is worse than none, and betrays a *bad* cause.

H A D my patient died, (there was a possibility in the case, at the time) or languished for years without recovering, to whom should the blame be imputable? Who should have been the morally accountable persons? Mr. Milnes and his medical counsellor, undoubtedly.—Tho' Providence was kind (I am not ashamed to own a Providence, and to confess that I look upon myself as merely its instrument) in restoring the young lady to health, by humble means, and therefore the guilt of a death not now crying at their door; yet my patient's recovery was protracted, in consequence of their cruel interference: and delays we know always inveterate a disorder, and give it a faster hold of the constitution; beside the expence of my attendance to the family being thereby considerably increased, not to mention the distress of suspense to those concerned, who could not otherwise be than painfully anxious about an event so naturally interesting, as the recovery of a beloved child. Here damages would certainly

tainly lie, both on account of pecuniary loss to the family, and the manifest risk of character to which the physician was exposed for some weeks.

I repeatedly expressed my surprise that the pill I ordered over night had not the effect I wished and expected, and had no other resource, at the time, but to ascribe my disappointment to a singularity in my patient's constitution; little suspecting the true cause, or that there was so little professional uprightness in the town of Newark, as that an apothecary resident there, in a pecuniary sense, independent of business, going down the hill of life, at the bottom of which, a few years hence, he will be no more, backed and encouraged by a gentleman full as far slid down the same declivity, with not so strong a constitutional hold of the ground, should dishonour my prescription, and surreptitiously assume my responsibility, without being subjected to the consequences, had my patient's case turned out fatally.

Mr.

Mr. Milnes, at the interview, embarrassed to alledge any thing solid or pertinent in his own defence, was contented, to say that, with respect to the propriety of what he had done, he was perfectly satisfied in his own mind. But Mr. Milnes must be told, that *his* mental satisfaction will not do. Regarding that, God will be his judge : but regarding the credit of science, the dignity of an insulted profession, and the rectitude of his character as an apothecary in a respectable town, where he has fattened and waxed proud on the diseases and afflictions of others, he is called upon to step forth from the press, and publicly answer that part of this pamphlet in which he is by *name* concerned. Gossiping and whispers may tarnish the brightest reputation, within the secret circles their influence extends to, unremarked and unpunished : but gross mistakes in medical practice, rude usurpations on the rights and honours of an academical degree, and unprecedented liberties taken with the initialled *recipes* of

a physician, introduced honourably into a town, WHERE THERE WAS A VACANCY, and who has been more than commonly successful since his introduction, shall be exhibited to public view, whoever be the delinquents, the counsellors, or abettors.

THE world has been too long imposed upon by bold or plausible pretensions to scientific knowledge, and medical infallibility: I have detected them in other places with success; I will detect them in Newark, and every where else, to which the comprehensiveness of my views, or the completion of a great medical scheme I have in hand, may happen to carry me.

SHOULD I have made no great fortune, indeed no fortune at all, when I die, I shall carry a richer treasure with me than the consolations resulting from the greatest riches; which is, the reflection that I may have opened the eyes of mankind, by my writings, to the impositions
that

that surround them ; and been the humble means, under a propitious Providence, of pointing out methods to lengthen, or at least not to shorten the life of man ; enhance its innocent enjoyments, by rational ways of restoring and preserving health ; and, consequently, of putting it into the power of the individual, undistracted by lingering pain or sickness, morally to improve his time, and prepare for that eternal change of being and condition, to which all our thoughts, all our studies, all our actions, should remotely, or more immediately, be directed.

THE friend who took upon him to strengthen Mr. Milnes's doubts and direct his final judgment, is, by every obligation, bound to assist in defending the apothecary who dared to cancel a physician's prescription, and prescribe in his stead. The abilities of either have not, I believe, as yet been brought forward to public test. Now is the time, separately or conjunctly, to prove their medical erudition and experience

perience. Should they be silent, the world will give them *credit* in the articles both of conscious guilt and professional ignorance.—Yet, after all,

————— *littus carpere remis,*
Tutius est multo quam velum tendere in altum.

Mr. Milnes and his friend being alarmed at the exhibition of eight grains of *mercurius dulcis*, preparatory to a succeeding strong purgative, proves unquestionable that they are unacquainted with the appropriate powers of medicine, as well as the animal œconomy; or that they so far doat on the medical superstition and bigotry of former times, as to be voluntarily blind to the practicability of modern improvements and reforms.

CALOMEL is the mildest and safest of all the mercurial preparations. I have given it for a series of years, from Gr. quatuor, to Gr. viginti, (where I was sure there were obstinate glutinous obstructions of the bowels, accompanied with

with worms) introductory to some powerful cathartic. It has never deceived me, nor will it ever deceive any ingenious, intelligent practitioner.

Mr. Milnes, with the scriptural disposition, “of straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel,” could have apprehended danger but in one way from the effect of my pill, which he feloniously secreted; and that was slightly to affect the mouth. But the generous reader will be pleased to be told, that such a thing is impossible to happen, during the interval of six or seven hours, from the time of taking the pill, which we shall suppose at half after ten o’clock at night, till half after five next morning, when the draught was taken to give it a passage out of the system, thro’ the intestinal conveyance. How illiterate then, as well as groundless, Mr. Milnes’s and his copartner’s apprehensions! I blush for them, and wish they had spared me the pains and blushed for themselves, before they had the temerity, in secret, to
step

step between a physician and his patient, dangerously indisposed.

PERHAPS forty-eight hours would be scarcely sufficient for eight grains of calomel to be taken into the system, to pass through the several secretions, and to arrive at the salivary glands. We should thus, then, have forty hours on our hands, to upbraid these pretenders to physic, these bastard sons of the divine art of healing. Even supposing the worst, that the pill, so injuriously treated, had slightly swelled and inflamed the mouth. What then?—As many hours as were necessary for it to have this effect, would, with the co-operation of the subsequent purge, be *more* than sufficient to carry both the inflammation and swelling off. In fine, however this matter is canvassed, or in whatever diversities of light and shade it may be beheld by the clear-seeing eye of impartiality, the ignorance and rudeness of Mr. Milnes and his secret associate, (not to mention the moral turpitude they incurred)

curred) must stare every one in the face but themselves, whom it most concerns deeply to be struck.

LET the liberal reader likewise be informed, that the identical Mr. Milnes, who was terrified out of his senses with regard to the tremendous effects of *Mercur. dulcis*, Gr. octo, *knew*, that my little patient had taken six grains before, *with no effect*. Could two simple grains, preponderating on the apothecary's balance, change an innocent negative to a dangerous affirmative? Fie, fie, upon such egregious trifling! A pharmacopolist's apprentice, of twelve months standing, ought to be whipt for such folly.

HAD Mr. Milnes been acquainted with a becoming propriety and delicacy of conduct, (which, in preference of riches he *must* leave behind him when he dies, ought to have been the purchase of his cares and assiduities) at my patient's taking eight grains of *mercurius dulcis*, he would

would have prudently intimated his fears to the family, or the physician himself, (I should have thanked him for either) and left the result to *their* determination.

AT the interview I had with him, he offered an apology, in self-exculpation, which was making bad *worse*. He said, he was afraid of alarming Mrs. LOWE, by acquainting her of my *terrific pill*. But putting her on the guard, when a daughter's life was apparently at stake, as he affected to think and to insinuate, was his duty. Had any one made it his *interest*, would he not have—alarmed her?

BUT I shall have done with Mr. Milnes, and his consulting brother, with offering each of them a piece of wholesome advice. Though either of them might be my father, yet I *feel* myself qualified to admonish and instruct both.

LET the first be contented with the fortune he has made in his profession. He has

has no children to provide for, which is the usual apology in favour of that excessive money-making industry I call covetousness. Why then should he go on blundering in a profession, the true comprehensive principles of which he knows nothing of; and, consequently, by playing the physician, and persisting to superintend the management of diseases, at all times be almost sure to endanger the lives of mankind, every one of which may be as valuable as his own.

IN two remarkable cases, tedious and difficult, in which I have happily succeeded, he has discovered a total want of judgment, an absolute ignorance of medical causes and effects. Two cases, conspicuous to the world, having occurred within a few months, the period of my residence in Newark, how many (alas!) may have occurred, similarly mistaken, in the course of twenty or thirty years past, the probable period of his practice!—In GOD's name, then, let him no longer intrude

trude on the province of the physician, which he has no more right to do, than an attorney to plead at the bar; and, with regard to the other branches of his business, let him leave them to the young and active of his brethren.

T H E R E are some such in Newark, who will thank him for it, as being a piece of justice, both to them and the world. The world will not suffer by his retiring from business, but rather will gain much, if he makes a proper use of the fortune in his power. Spending it in daily acts of benevolence and compassion to the poor and distressed, (and many such surround him) is the proper way of using it; money, otherwise, is an idol and a curse. He has laboured hard to lay up treasures upon earth, “where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal;” let him, in future, lay up treasures in heaven, “where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.”

I will lay before him some pointed passages of scripture against riches ; for I have studied the Bible, as well as the medical schools. These scriptures may, one day, be a witness against him, and, as such, I recommend them to his most serious consideration. All men, indeed, may profit of them, as the ardour of making or loving money, is the epidemical vice of the times.

“ How hardly shall they that have riches, enter into the kingdom of God ! It is easier for a cable to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. The love of money is the root of all evil, which some coveting after, have pierced themselves through with many sorrows. They that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, into many foolish and hurtful lusts, that drown men in destruction and perdition.”

As to the other gentleman,* who did not think it beneath him to attempt robbing me of my professional honour, by confederating with an apothecary in town to suppress my prescription, what shall I say?—Merely to let the world know, that he possesses a genteel fortune, consequently, is under no temptation to solicit or procure patients; that he has been out of practice, as an apothecary, for, I believe, near thirty years, which altogether disqualifies him for so difficult, studious, and

* I had a letter of introduction to this very person, was politely and civilly received by him, and till lately, seemed to have his confidence. He commended highly the delicacy of my conduct to the late Dr. Halilay, upon my coming to Newark.—The first visit he paid, after a long confinement with the gout, was to me, he flatteringly told me, in return for my many calls upon him during his illness. He likewise, at his going away, honoured me with the assurance that he should frequently give me a morning call, seeing me a reading, literary man.—All this was pleasing and acceptable. What have I done since to forfeit all?—True, I have not consulted him with regard to my patients, nor given him, at any time, a narrative of their cases. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*—I never could be so mean, I confess, as.

and morally responsible a profession as that of physic, the serious business of superintending men's lives ; I say again, merely to let the world know these particulars, should seem to be the same thing as proving him quite unfit for the comprehensive knowledge, or rational practice of so divine an art.—Let him, therefore, henceforth, keep to his magistratical chair, where the world allows him to be useful, and not venture to seat himself in the medical, where he can never do good in a town just now glutted with *the faculty* ;
 nay,

as to purchase his friendship at so dear a rate.—Those who *can* are, for me, joyfully welcome to all the advantages that may accrue.—It was a part of my *inaugural oath*, at all times to support the chastity and honour of the profession, and not divulge its secrets, except in *regular* consultation. Beside, in the present instance, by acting contrary, I should have been inconsistent with myself, respecting my conduct to the apothecaries ; for *that* gentleman, notwithstanding Fortune has generously handed him from behind the counter, is to be considered in no higher light than they, (however he may consider himself) with reference to general learning and science, or the clinical superintendence of diseases.

may, from whence he runs the manifest hazard of doing mischief. I myself can produce two cases, since my arrival in Newark, in which he, Mr. Milnes's participator in a *cruel design*, has proved himself grossly mistaken.

I *must* speak out, I *will* speak out. These two gentlemen have *forced* me to speak out. The lives of the people, falling under the care of officious self-confidence, or palpable ignorance, are of too much value and importance, to be exposed, in future, to imminent dangers, from a false delicacy, a mistaken reverence for the common forms of civility, preventing the world being explicitly apprized of these dangers. What are those gentlemen, nay, what are any specific number, let their rank or exterior be what it may, in comparison with society at large, the preservation of numberless lives, on the enlarged, rational scale of practice; and lives not less valuable, perhaps, because they move in humble and unremarked situations!

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How many thousands die every year, especially in childhood, and the world know nothing of the causes shortening the pretty creatures lives, except the apothecaries, pouring in their drugs without either *indication, plan, or design*!—We should have medical coroner's inquests to investigate to the bottom this most interesting and *awful* affair. The scheme is practicable by the legislature, were it not now busily employed in destroying the lives of men, instead of saving them.

SUCH an institution, once established, would overawe the swarms of practitioners that, like locusts, infest this kingdom, but are infinitely more destructive than they.—Locusts but prey on the grass of the field: doctors (for they are all so called) prey on the lives of thousands.—Since I came to this town, cases have come under my management, which, treated in the common way, I am convinced, would have turned out hopeless or fatal: they have done well in my hands.—Shall such things

things be hid in a corner, out of courtesy or compliment to particular persons? No, they shall not, whilst I live, and am able to speak, or to write. I pledge myself ever to be the people's friend. If they do not stand by me, I will persevere notwithstanding; if they do, we shall be, together, invincible.

LET the people, therefore, give no credit to, and have no dependance on, either physicians or apothecaries, who are known to give large quantities of drugs; nor let either be trusted, if too professionally intimate with each other.—I evidently see a combination, every where, between these brethren of a trade, to put money into each other's hands, and get rich as fast as they can; I have seen it, and blushed for the honour and chastity of a profession, second to none for importance and usefulness. Should this professional gossiping go the length of an apothecary carrying a physician to patients, to whom he has not been sent for by the families, or of industriously

stiriously and officiously introducing him to his friends and acquaintances, *that* apothecary does it for his own emolument; he has his pecuniary designs in it, and should be marked and frustrated.

A physician of real talents and genuine worth, will succeed, in any place, by the slow, but sure, process of time, and success in business. One remarkable case, treated with skill and good fortune, will ensure his establishment, and open to him a wider introduction into families and a discerning neighbourhood, than the busy interference of any apothecary.

I have always made it a matter of conscience, never to be on any other than distant civil terms with my brethren behind the counter, unless I found them, which I sometimes have, to be men of more than common abilities, or of virtue.—When this is the case, no degree of intimacy will ever issue in any thing but credit and honour to both, and certain
advantage

advantage to the public. There is a seductive influence in too familiar professional connections, reciprocally lucrative to both parties, which, imperceptibly, and, as it were, by habit and fashion, will lead men, even of nice moral attention to themselves as individuals, from the straight line of conduct.

WHEN I came to Newark, I attended less to the apothecaries than any other class of men in the town; I did not wish to get business through *that medium*.* I remained some weeks scarcely known to
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* To be a flexible tool, a sort of stalking sumpter horse to the apothecaries, for the purpose of palliating or concealing the blunders and miscarriages of their practice, and to heap up fees by the ungracious act, should seem, methinks, as unworthy a physician of principle and sentiment, as beneath the dignity and delicacy of liberal science.—Yet most of the physicians throughout the kingdom, suffer themselves ignobly to be *hawked* about in this manner. The apothecary who may have rendered a simple, safe disorder, complicated and dangerous, by bad management, bows, scrapes, and cringes, with his countenance smirkingly oiled and relaxed all over,
to

be in the place, except by those gentlemen to whom I had letters of recommendation ; and when I became gradually to be known, it was not through the medium of the apothecaries, but of *successful practice*, the only *legitimate* basis for any physician's encouragement or reputation.— Every other is that of a *faction*, which, as soon as possible, should be disarmed and humbled, when so momentous a stake is to be played for, as the lives of the people. Passion and interest are the cement of *such*, and without which they could not keep together a moment.

Impedit ira animum ne possit cernere verum.

WHATEVER

to the physician ; and *he*, pompous, but perfectly well bred, in return—holds his tongue and fills his pocket.—Once in consultation, in the city of Wells, (Somerset) with a physician, now, I believe, in the first rank of practice at Bath, I mean Dr. S—, the apothecary who attended, aguish with age and infirmity, had made several blunders in the Lady's case whom we attended. I spoke my mind, as I ever have done, and ever shall do, condemning the grey-headed

W H A T E V E R physician is introduced into a place, and supported there by the apothecaries, he *must* be their friend, otherwise they will treat him as they have treated me. There is logical justness in the assertion, and the thing itself is obvious to common discernment, and therefore submitted, without reserve, to the good sense of the public. The public are infinitely more concerned in the issue than I can possibly be. The contest simply is, whether the good people of Newark, or elsewhere, shall chuse their own physician, *in whose hands they are to trust their lives*; or have one crammed upon their opinions by the apothecaries, as they are wont

headed Sub-Æsculapian, with explicitness and warmth. The *hoary doctor* attempted justifying himself in presence of the Lady's son, Mr. A—, till I was obliged to *bring him to*.—But what I mean to observe is this, that my brother physician was *silent on the occasion*. The old man made a handle of this afterward against *his* resident physician, as if the former had been *right*, and the latter *wrong*. Finding him incorrigible in his folly, and that I could do without him in Wells, I never submitted to have
any

wont to cram their abominable drugs down the throats of their patients, to the certain destruction of many, the relief of not one in an hundred, and to the horror and disgust of all.

WHEN I first commenced business here, the apothecaries were my most obliging friends, and invited me to their tables and card parties : when they found I prescribed few drugs, but, at the same time, that I did not fail to cure or relieve my patients, they became, except one, my

any thing more to do with him.—The important corollary I would bring into my aid, from the foregoing particulars, is this, that, if physicians would make it a point of spirit and dignity to evince that superiority of knowledge, education, and consequence, which is their just claim, and *honestly* express themselves, with regard to the illiterature and blundering vanity of the pharmacopolistic tribe, (the mere retail merchants or sellers of drugs) the cure of diseases would be shortened, and the preservation of many many lives be the happy consequence to the state, as well as to the extensive circle of private connections and attachments.—Were this done with
uniform

my enemies ; and, what will make the knowing reader smile, from the plainness and simplicity of my prescriptions, they inferred I must be an ignorant physician, and unacquainted with the manner of writing prescriptions.—Had they been deep and comprehensive judges, and nobly disinterested in their views, they would have formed a quite different judgment, as simplicity in the forms of prescribing, and unity of design in the conception and treatment of diseases, are characteristics of a physician's excellence, and faithful guarantees of his success and fame.

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A N

uniform boldness, pointedness, and firmness, as the integrity and majesty of the *Healing Art* should seem to demand, in a few years no apothecary would have the first management of a disease, consequently, the physician nothing to contend with but—the disease ; or to call in military analogy to our aid, the General, accomplished both in the theory and *practice* of tactics, should have nothing to do but meet and attack his enemy in open ground, without the tedious obstructions of circumvallationary lines, redoubts, ditches, &c.—There is only one objection to this, and I am afraid it is a *serious* one to the generality of physicians. By keeping apothecaries to their *pro-*
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A N apprentice of four years standing in a shop, a perfect tyro even in apothecary knowledge, will write you a prescription as long as one's arm, by looking over the officinal files, and as *secundam artem* as any London physician of the first rank. What then? All such formularies are but the mere trumpery of a profession, the learned non-significants of colleges and schools.—Long prescriptions, however highly renowned the articles which compose

per sphere, always and only to be *visible* behind their counters, in the professional way, and condemning explicitly *their* intermeddling in the clinical treatment of patients, at *all* times, but *especially* at the beginning of diseases, which indeed, respecting the fortunate event, is the *only* important period; patients should be more easily cured, consequently, the fees of physicians contracted.—But with men of honour, education, principle, humanity, is this *last* consideration to clash with the SALVATION OF LIVES? If it is; then are they unworthy their academical honours, a disgrace to science, and the greatest; because learned, foes to the *health* of man, which comprises all his choicest comforts; and to the *life* of man which, cut short, either precipitates him, in the midst of his offences against heaven, into an invisible world, or puts a sudden premature period to

compose them, are short comforts, and short lives to the people. If a physician cannot cure a patient with few drugs, happily chosen, is it to be supposed he can with a number? Whoever thinks so, deserves to be punished by swallowing the many instead of the few.

THE physician who orders a multiplicity of drugs from the shop, is not truly
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to his moral improvements, his benevolent (which are divine) schemes, perhaps in embryo and contemplation, to be useful and to do good to mankind.— Were physicians and apothecaries never to meet together, except in the social intercourses of life, the one attending sick-beds, and the other keeping behind their counters, to make up *faithfully* the medicines ordered by the former, diseases would be cured in one half of the time that they commonly are, and both physicians and apothecaries be restrained to a *proper level of life*; not intemperately elated and beyond themselves, from accessions of wealth, as much beyond their merit, as *vastly* beyond the expectations of good sense, self-diffidence, moral propriety, or that humility which becomes man.

The systematic good breeding between the physicians and apothecaries of Bath, I am well acquainted with,

a physician, but an apothecary. The degree he carries in his pocket is a disgrace to him, and amounts to nothing more respectable than a patent royal, in conjunction with the pharmacopolist, to monopolize and dispose of drugs. The travelling empiric, distributing his hand-bills at markets and fairs, is as respectable a character. If the physician loses his patient, the number and bulk of his prescriptions, are so many filed witnesses, so many

with, and it *may* serve as a specimen for the whole kingdom. They are more than *sociably* complaisant and polite to each other, for they—LIVE BY EACH OTHER. *Rem acu tetigi.* There is a TRADE OF DRUGS, between physicians and apothecaries, immensely lucrative to both, carried on in Bath, which is astonishing! I know it well. The recital of a particular case will throw light on the subject—When residing in Wells, I was sent for to attend a Lady of condition in Bath. Her case was a low, nervous fever. The present premier physician of that city, had prescribed for her. Having a confidence in me, the family did not solely rely upon him. I condemned his management of her *in toto*, and honestly told the family we could not act together. This brought on a delicate dilemma. Dr, D—— was the family

many registered *memento moris* against him. If he has been chaste and sparing in his prescriptions, and yet his patient dies, the just conclusion is, that he has not been *destroyed* by drugs, a matter of felicitation in this drug-enamoured age.

IF one medicine of a sort does not relieve a patient, an hundred will not.—Now, there are but five sorts of medicines in the shop of any essential use ; I speak
from

family physician, and after Dr. M——'s decease, fashionably considered at the head of the profession in Bath. The nice point of decision was, whether to set aside fashion as a candidate for preference, when *life* trembled on the needle of *that* preference, or retain the unfashionable physician, but the confidential friend of the family. The patient alone swayed the sceptre of determination. We were both retained, but I had the ultimate management of the drugs ; and though they came in regularly in great quantities, for form's sake, and to keep the *old physician* in humour with himself, I allowed the Lady to get scarce any, but supported her powerfully with cordial drinks. These, with the operation of blisters, soon brought about a crisis, and my patient recovered happily. In this instance, the physician
and

from knowledge, and fifteen years *disinterested* experience. Those I mean are such as—*vomit, purge, sweat, blister, or procure sleep*. Give me these, and the contents of all the shops in England, beside, may be poured into the streets, for me. They are otherwise a multiplication of Pandora's box, teeming with evils, with only one alleviation, that some articles are less mischievous than others. To be explicit, as an honest man ought to be, to
make

and apothecary professionally played into one another's hands, without any just or accurate knowledge of the disease; for the Lady recovered fast, after the medicines were *laid aside*, and a *more generous* plan of support adopted.—In this routine of fashion is physic carried on in our great cities and towns. If patients recover, that is, if their constitutions weather out a profusion of horrid, nauseating drugs, a low, reducing regimen, and the original disease, it is well; and if they do not, all is well likewise; every thing was done to save them that could be done, as the phrase is, while basketfuls of empty vials and gallipots, dirty and loathsome, are returned to the apothecary's shop.—The profits of both professions are so great and tempting, beside, being intimately blended together into one common
interest,

make every reader, except medical ones, as learned as myself, and to knock in the head the bold pretensions of systematic and professional empericism, I would restrict prescription to *eight* grand officinals.

LET the reader be amazed—he ought, and

interest, that religious principle and moral feeling, soon begin to lose all powers of check; while both orders of men look flatteringly at each other; keep up the unabashed countenance of trade; impose upon the uninformed, credulous world; grow rich daily without deserving it; and see with perfect unconcern and complacency, churchyards fatten with human putrefaction.—In short, there is only one way to cut short so enormous a trade, and so destructive to the lives of the people; and it is this. Let physicians *keep their own drugs*, but not *charge* for them, or have their fees increased on that account. This would be attended with two important circumstances. First, physicians would, for their own sakes, be careful always to be stocked with the most genuine and excellent medicines; and second, they would be sparing of the quantity prescribed, as affecting a tender part of all professional men—their purses.—No expedient short of this, will give the people, in future, a *fair chance* for their lives, which heaven at all times intends, and to which the poorest have an equal right with the richest.

and indignantly so—when he is told that *Cantharides*, *Tartar Emetic*, *Mercurius Dulcis*, *Aloes*, *Sena*, *Jalap*, *Salts*, and *Opium*, compose all the virtue, all the efficacy, of the apothecary's shop. The rest are either inferior duplicates of these, or fallacious unknown alteratives. With these, without scruple, I class the *Peruvian bark*, that idol nostrum of the faculty, and systematic deceiver of the world. I have tried it repeatedly and repeatedly; but, with the academical kiss of a Judas, *it has always deceived me*. Oak bark is as good in every medical intention. They are both but simple bitters, and only do good as such.

A L L bitters are rather friendly to the stomach than otherwise. Respecting this drug's astringent quality, as such it does harm, instead of good, as all astringents do, without exception, acting on the stomach and intestinal canal, where alone they can act. I have cured agues of all descriptions without it. The innumera-
ble

ble histories of the ague, said to be cured by the Bark, are full of fallacy. The medicines which preceded or accompanied the administration of it, effected the cure, not this almost adored specific. If it have the virtues attributed to it, it will cure independent of every other concomitant help; if not, then is it an imposition upon the world, and the concomitants have all the merit of curing the ague, when it is cured, which is not often, except by the superinduction of another and worse malady.

MANKIND would seem in love with being deceived, or else they could not be so often and so easily deceived as they are. A medicine which requires a medicine to give it efficacy, is no medicine at all.— This applies to mineral waters, as well as to the Bark. They must have their preparatives, to a display of their wonderful virtues. The easy world believes it, not considering, that the preparatives effect the relief, when it is effected, which,

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GOD

GOD knows, is but seldom, and not the waters. Yet, upon the assumption that the reverse of this fact is true, the medical gentlemen of Bath, Bristol, Cheltenham, Buxton, Matlock, &c. grow rich. I am equally astonished at the folly and credulity of mankind, and the universal disposition of my brethren seemingly to take advantage of that folly and credulity!

IN so poor a light do I consider the *Peruvian nostrum*, that even after fevers, &c. I never exhibit it in any form as a strengthener; yet my patients recover speedily. Nothing can strengthen without nourishing. Does the Bark nourish? Yes it does: it nourishes the apothecary instead of the convalescent. He buys it for six or seven shillings a pound, (and, for the most part, a spurious substitute for the Bark) and retails it for seventeen or eighteen. Thousands will be my witnesses of its price and inefficacy, who have taken it in large quantities repeatedly, with as little effect as if they had taken so much wormwood

wormwood or tansey, which may be gathered for nothing ; but who had to discharge swinging bills for *repetatur*s of draughts, decoctions, pills, bolusses, turbid or ponderous with the *virtues* of this omnipotent officinal.—Some hundred thousands a-year are thrown away, in the wantonness of credulous folly, on this metreticious exotic, this *Jesuitical charm*.

THE leading article of the alterative class being, to all intents and purposes, a notorious *cheat*, the remainder and a numerous costly tribe, deserve no consideration, and shall have as little notice. Let me have therefore the eight articles already enumerated, to proportion and administer, as circumstances and symptoms shall determine me, and I pledge myself to cure all disorders curable by art, or, short of that, to relieve all relievable by art, provided patients are amenable to rules.—What a reform ! What a simplification ! Fifteen hundred articles, which make up the dispensatory, reduced to eight !!!

IT

IT will be no argument, in reply to me, that I differ from the world. All general reformatations, all great accessions of light and knowledge, have happened by *differing* from the world. *Copernicus* differed from the world, when he settled the solar system as it now stands, widely illuminated from the center to the circumference. *Luther* differed from the world, when he laid the first corner stone, which supports the magnificent edifice of the Reformation. *Harvey* differed from the world, when he demonstrated the true circulation of the blood in the human body. *Sir Isaac Newton* differed from the world, when he surprised it with his admirable doctrine of light and colours, and explained the sublime laws of attraction and repulsion. And, to descend to modern facts generally known, *Mr. Sutton* differed from the world, when he instituted his new mode of treating the small-pox, to the salvation of thousands. *Physicians* in general, differed from the world, when they adopted the present cool airy method

method of treating fevers, instead of the old barbarous one of curtain imprisonment and foul air. And, to have done with instances, every man *must* differ from his neighbour, if he would be wiser and better than his neighbour.—My differing therefore from *all* my brethren, with the powers I *feel* to defend my cause, is a presumption in my favour.

THE foregoing narrative accounts in one way, for the ill usage I have received from the apothecaries in general. Viewing disorders through a plain, simple medium, and, for the most part, confining myself to the *eight specified articles*,*
were

* As to cordial waters, spirits, tinctures, juleps, confections, &c. which medical dram-drinkers are so fond of taking, under cover of a doctor—the more simple cordials, consequently the more efficacious, such as good old wine, or genuine uncompounded spirits, especially the latter, with or without water, according to exigencies, are vastly preferable; I do not mean in the way of a *habit*, but occasionally as *medicines* acting cordially.—With respect to the other numerous classes of strengtheners, bracers, tonics, demulcents,

were enough to raise suspicions of my abilities in the minds of men who judge of things by *fashions*, and of diseases by *names*. Perhaps, to account for it farther, I may throw into the estimate a certain unassumingness of manners, (if I may so speak of myself) unphysical-like exterior and sedentary, domestic turn, in which I glory, but which have been considered as proofs *against* me, that is, as sufficient to authorize the opinion, that there was, according to the vulgar phrase, *little in me*. Such people never weighed the meaning of the following line aright, '*quá flumen placidum forsan latet altius unda.*'

THE generous reader will forgive my talking so much of *myself*. There is more energy and earnestness in using the *first* person, otherwise I should have addressed
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demulcents, alteratives, aperients, balsamics, solvents, detergents, desiccatives, alexipharmics, anti-phlogistics, anti-hysterics, anti-epileptics, anti-spasmodics, anti-this, anti-that, and anti-the-other-thing; they are the learned lumber of fastidious art, the mystic trumpery of dreaming prescription.

the public in the *third*. The reader will the more readily do this on account of the pains I have taken to guard him against the fallacy of prescription, and the common futile administration of drugs. Could I point out a sure method to shorten law suits, and lessen their number, instead of instigating and multiplying them, the common but *wicked* practice of many forensic, hungry practitioners ; mankind would think themselves much obliged to me, and adopt the method as soon as pointed out.

HEALTH, and the preservation of life, are objects of much higher consideration than property, as the former give value and zest to the latter, which it could not have otherwise. I have, therefore, truly stated the general impotency of drugs, especially all but the *active* kind, and whose operations are *visible* ; as well as pointed out the dangers arising to the constitution from the mistakes and ignorance of our common professional men.

Thus

Thus have I guaranteed to him the possession of the most valuable concern in this world, and without which every other insults us with its blessings, and teases us with its comforts, I mean *health*.

I am encouraged to persevere in the hitherto untrodden path of medical reformation, by the success my treatise on the gout has had; I do not mean among the critics, but in a much more honourable way, among the *diseased* and *gouty*.—I have received many letters informing me of the good it has been the means of doing, and is likely to do, couched in genteel terms of grateful civility, particularly one from a place so remote as the Orkney isles, written by a reverend Clergyman. This is quite a reward sufficient for me, notwithstanding the imperfect and unfair manner in which the monthly critics have reviewed it. *Imperfect*, because they omitted the principal part of their duty, which was, to give quotations from the pamphlet, sufficiently ample for the public

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lic to form their judgment upon; and *unfair*, because, respecting the author, they have presumed, some of them, to assert what they had no authority for.* Indeed, there are not any among us greater slaves to the schools and to systems, than our *literary journalists*. They are, on many occasions, afraid to speak out like philosophers and scholars, awed by *great names*, procured without desert, and *titles of honour*, sustained without principle, virtue, or true dignity.—Notwithstanding, therefore, the reviewers, the sneers of indifference affected to be thrown upon the publication by the apothecaries, as well as many of their more learned brethren, and by some of the bigoted clergy, the least amiable part of that venerable body; it has slowly grown into consideration, and been perused, I am assured, by great numbers, with pleasure and profit.

IT indeed contains medical truths of
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* A second edition of the Treatise, now in preparation, will clear up this matter.

the first magnitude, in plain and bold terms expressed; and, I still must think, the only *true* doctrine of the gout, and the method of treating it, ever published, notwithstanding the almost innumerable treatises on the subject.—Sydenham's account of it dazzles and confounds with the lustre of splendid description and pompous arrangement. With great opportunities of observing and treating the disease, I never met with the *Sydenhamic gout*. It is the brat of a luxurious imagination and fanciful pen. His *data* are most of them assumed, and the disorder he so elaborately describes, was either *made* so by preposterous treatment, by a practice running riot in the wilds and labyrinths of theory; or else the gout of that excellent man's days is not the gout of ours.—I know of no solution but the alternative.—The name of Sydenham is an *ignis fatuus* to the faculty, as well as to others thro' that medium. He is the medical idol-god of our literary journalists and systematic physicians; while the true god of physic

phyfic resides enthroned, but unadored, in the temple of the understanding. One false deity, whether in divinity or medicine, gives birth to a thousand false worshippers who know not what they are about.

As a putative father likewise of modern phyfic, Sydenham's name fæcundates our feveral royal *Alma Maters*, and yearly a new progeny is brought forth by the obftetric aid of deplomas; each a striking likenefs of the parent, long fince fallen a-fleep as a *natural* one.—This academical procreation, overfpreading the kingdom with professional fturdy beggars, will have a fort of eternity; till fome daring fpirit, fome intrepid witnefs, fhall ftand before the judgment feat of the public, and prove, to the conviction and fatisfaction of all, that thefe *Alma Maters* are no better than venerable *barlots*, got fcientifically with child by *Mammon*, the feductive god of this world, affuming the perfonification and name of Sydenham; and that all their numerous family, fwarming in every city
and

and town, are a spurious breed, imposing upon the good-natured world. Mine be the ambition, at least, to stand forth as that *true and faithful witness*. Should I fail, this be my motto, *in magnis voluisse sat est*.

To step off allegorical ground, I can assure the reader that, when I left the college, sixteen years ago, I thought myself a better physician than I think myself *now*. Then, crammed to the throat with hypothetical irresistibility, and enshrining the Professors whom I had attended, and who sent me forth to the wide world with little less than Papal confidence, as a kind of physical *penates* in my bosom, I flattered myself, like many a raw bantling of the university now looking out for an establishment, that I could cure diseases with a *look* or a *touch*. But when I subsided from the professional dogmatism of theory to the unequivocal line of practice, I soon discovered myself to be—what the Pope of Rome is at this day—a licensed deceiver and imposter.

BUT

BUT I did not long remain such.—Bred up with the highest reverence for Revealed Religion, (for which the reverence of my heart still increases) and of course, for *moral responsibility*, I suddenly recollected myself on the common highway of prescription, and struck into a by-path, where, surrounded with light and glory, (a transfiguration unknown to the schools) I met the Goddess of Health, wandering by herself, awfully serene in her deportment, majestic in her gait, but divinely benevolent and gracious in her aspect. The beauties of nature grew more beautiful at her approach. Each herb, each flower, each fruit, poured out the essence of its sweets, as the presence of her augustness surrounded them, offering up to the undiscrivable divinity of the place, the fragrant incense of vegetable life: while the heavens, as it were, looking at her through the medium of the sun, moon, and stars, brightly benign, placidly resplendent, seemed to be created for her alone.—No mortal being had she to converse

verse with ; but, without doubt, Celestials, of the first order, wafted on the clouds, streaming in drapery of azure and gold, daily and nightly visited her, pitying the inexcusable folly and deploring the unconquerable obstinacy of man.

I paused, I hesitated, I trembled.—With the dignified carriage of her high original, but with the condescending affability of smiling familiar goodness, she thus addressed me, as if generously feeling for my confusion and distress. “Wherefrom, stranger, comest, and whither travellest thou? These sequestered solitudes are seldom trod by human step: say, devious stranger, what is thy business, what thy destination?”—Recovered from embarrassment by the benignity of her appearance and the heavenly mildness of her address, I answered, or essayed to answer, that, “tired and disgusted with the public road of medical science, and the arts of prescribing to the maladies of man, I struck into the very first path-way that led
me

me out of it, to have leisure for thought and contemplative enquiry, how I might alleviate the miseries of mankind, and relieve, if I could not cure, their numberless diseases, without acting with or humouring a party intent alas ! upon growing rich by these miseries and diseases, afflicting enough in themselves, without the severe superaddition of a tax upon them."

"Your plan is humane and generous, I confess, and, in the present fallen state of society and manners, surprises me," she replied, with a radiant look of approbation and encouragement which acted like inspiration on my soul ; "Heaven will prosper you in a disposition so congenial with itself, and here are your instructions," presenting me with a schedule fairly and beautifully written. I received it, bowed to the ground, and bowed again, but had not utterance to express my admiration and gratitude. She at once perceived the sentimental conflict I sustained, and left me with a look which seemed to say, "Stranger, erratic stranger, meet me here

here again, if at a loss for advice and instruction." I looked and looked, till I lost her divine figure from the distance that intervened, and, emboldened by the paper in my hand, returned to the broad road I had abandoned from disappointment and despair, resolved to conduct myself by its precepts, in the face of every difficulty, discouragement, and opposition.

THE reader and I have again met on metaphorical ground. He will pardon me, if I have conducted him beyond the path he likes; and if he understands me not in the foregoing figurative representation, this is my meaning in language which he knows. Till I left the implicit guidance of the schools and systems, and acted upon my own *acquired* fund of knowledge and experience, I met with many unaccountable miscarriages in practice. Though the world and the faculty, where I resided, seemed perfectly satisfied with my care and skill in such cases, and that every thing was that could be done for

for my unfortunate patients, yet I was far from being pleased with myself; nay, so humbled and distressed have I been, on some such occasions of unexpected ill success, that I more than once *almost* formed the resolution of quitting the practical part of the profession altogether, and getting into an another line of life (several were open to me at the time) where my sensibility might not run the hazard of so many deep-felt shocks.

ONE consideration alone prevented me. In the very instances where I miscarried, I had used all the favourite medicines of the shops, the most approved forms of the Pharmacopœia appropriated by authority to such and such disorders. It struck me at length, (and I had infinite satisfaction in the thought) that, doubtless, these medicines had by much a higher character than they deserved, and that my brethren of every description, relied too implicitly upon them. I soon had pleasing reason to be convinced, that the remark

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was just. I continued to adopt new ideas of disorders, as they happened to come under my care, and new modes of treating them also. My success became equal to my fondest expectations, nay, far exceeded them ; and thence I was encouraged to continue in a profession which seemed capable of many and great reforms.

As already noticed, I have succeeded these many years in proportion as I thought for myself in medical matters, and departed from the axioms of the schools, many of which are absurd, and some absolutely false. So total almost has been the revolution in my opinions, concerning the nature of diseases, and the methods to cure or relieve them, that the rational reader will not be ungratified when he is told, the very Dissertation which obtained me my degree at Edinburgh, I now differ from, both in the *ratio symptomatum*, and *methodus medendi*.

I wrote *De Diabete*, and took much
pains

pains, both with the doctrine and arrangement of the parts; yet *the very* doctrine there laid down I now think erroneous, notwithstanding it is that of the schools to this day, and satisfied the learned Professors who examined me in the public hall.—This is not an incurious fact, and tends much to raise just suspicions of the grounds and *rationale* of modern practice, which, while it continues to lean on the authority of *names* and ancient modes of prescribing, without passing through the illuminated medium of the individual's understanding and *successful* experience, will blunder on in the eventual breaches of the sixth commandment, without intending or wishing to break it.

HENCE it is, so many sudden deaths happen in the world. The newspapers are full of them, and so far proclaim aloud the inefficacy of medical art. Men, dear to their families, and their country, cut off in the middle of their days: seen to day in the senate, at the bar, on the exchange,

change, or in the pulpit, and before a subsequent revolution of the moon, announced among the dead by the public prints!—Confident I am that seven-tenths of these might have been saved from the grave, by bold, resolute methods of drawing the attack from the vital parts, to the surface, or extremities, which is practicable almost in every case; instead of trusting to the tardy, precarious aids of officinal compositions, and keeping up the solemn farce of learned consultations over sick-beds, where a number of grave, pompous men meet to witness each other's obdurate systematic faith, and want of success.—I speak out, because the interests of mankind require it, and because there is an impression of truth of what I write made upon my mind, which I can no more resist, than the ray of light which strikes upon my eye. Medical consultations, in the manner they are usually conducted, are a farce often ending in a tragedy.—The senior consulting brother *dictates* to the rest. No differences of opinion ever happen;

happen ; for these, on future occasions, might affect *fees*.

THE truth of my grand position is farther illustrated, by the numbers of invalids ordered to the water-drinking places. Why ordered ? Because their physicians mistook, and consequently must have mismanaged their cases. Every case likely to be even slightly relieved at such places, might be certainly cured at home, were the attendant physician master of his business, beyond technical terms and definitions.—I am astonished and grieved to hear people complaining of this and the other malady, notwithstanding they have repeatedly had what is called, the *best advice*. The truth is, it was *bad* advice, though sanctified by immemorial usage and fashion, while their respective cases must all have been *mistaken*.—But a future publication of mine (now in the press) will enlarge on these very interesting topics. Mean time, the reader's patience shall be no longer tried than in attending to

to *three cases*,* slightly touched, and in which I was professionally concerned, but which have been grossly misrepresented to the world, much to my disadvantage as a physician and a man of moral probity.

C A S E F I R S T.

MR.S. S—n, was one of my earliest patients in Newark. Upon being sent for, I found her in a most distressed situation. She was greatly swelled and oppressed; her breathing difficultly performed, and only in an erect posture; nights

* At the time of writing this, *three* alone became the subject of disreputable remark; but, since that, envy and ingenuity have not blushed to put the malignant finger on some others, which the reader will meet with as he proceeds, and which, like their antecedents, he will find narrated with that simple integrity which becomes the man who has no design upon any one, but to make him wise *for his own interest*.—A good man, sometimes, may possibly deviate a little from rigid truth, in the heat, hurry, and inadvertence of common conversation; but, coolly

nights sleepless and unrefreshing ; and her days spent in uneasiness and pain ; the natural evacuations greatly interrupted ; her inclination for food scarce any ; and a general feel of coldness, feebleness and torpitude all over her ; with a small, weak, unequal pulse. Previous to the complaints which rendered my attendance necessary, she had, in general, to an advanced period of life, enjoyed a serene, and uninterrupted state of health, living mostly on a vegetable diet, milk, pudding, fruits, &c.

THE indications were obvious, *viz.* external stimulus, and cathartics of the warm, forcing kind, with generous support

coolly and deliberately, to maintain the *slightest deviation*, by the sacred medium of the press, and in a work that may survive the writer, and witness against him, when all of him but his character is no more—would be a transgression of the first magnitude, and not to be expiated by any repentance originating on a death-bed.—Such an *ineffectual* expiation, the writer, retiring into his own heart, is delightfully impressed—HE WILL NOT NEED.

port from wine and cordials, I ordered blisters to the inside of each thigh immediately above the knee, and sufficiently opened the passage of the bowels. She was dropfical, with a slight constitutional tendency to the gout. I early mentioned tapping to her friends, but was overruled. My object, *then*, was to bring down the water to the extremities, or give my patient a chance for the true podagral gout. Both I effected by the blisters already mentioned, and two additional ones I found myself under the necessity of having applied to the upper flat part of each foot.

HER limbs, before small and well shaped, became immoderately swelled.— Along with this aqueous distension, she had evident twinges of the gout, which sometimes moved upwards and attacked her shoulder and side. The blisters discharged greatly; and had my patient consented to continue them for a reasonable time longer, I have no doubt but the consequences would have been fortunate.—

But,

But, being little accustomed, all her life, to medical applications of the kind, her resolution failed her, and the sores were of course dried up. The intelligent reader may well anticipate the result:—increased general swellings, variety of erratic pains, renewed difficulty of breathing, costiveness of body, obstructed urine, and all those multiplications of distress attendant on a case where nature could do nothing for itself; and art was interdicted by strong prejudices and habits of life, contracted from enjoying health for a series of years independent of medical discipline.

AT this crisis, nothing a-doing, and nothing allowed to be done, a near relation of Mrs. S—n's suddenly thought of my frustrated idea of tapping. Her surgeon was applied to, in order to ascertain the locality of water in the abdomen.*—

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* This opinion, however, was an arbitrary one: he did not examine accurately, assisted by a second of the profession, whom I recommended to be called in.

His opinion was positive that there was none.—But this lady had taken up a misapprehension, that the operation of abdominal tapping would evacuate the water in Mrs. S—n's legs. The mistake was not unnatural, and we all soon became satisfied with the non-performance of the *paracentesis*.

TAPPING

in. Nothing short of manual examination, when the patient was in a recumbent posture, and lightly covered, could ascertain the fact. Three circumstances rendered it to me certain that there was water in the abdomen, or cellular membrane; *viz.* her bulk, unwieldiness, and incapacity of turning in bed; her laborious breathing; and intense feeling of internal cold; insomuch that, in the hottest days, she had a fire in the room, and required warm bricks in bed to keep her blood from absolute stagnation.—A remark, equally illiterate and untrue, was made on the occasion. It was rumoured abroad, and believed by those who are ready to believe any thing, or every thing, which suits their *interest*, that if she had been tapped, death would have ensued in so many hours. But the perforation of the abdominal integuments, in bulky or dropfical people, can never be dangerous, as the cellular membrane, distended with water or fat, forms an interstice between the skin and intestines, several inches deep, securely beyond the reach of the instrument.

T A P P I N G at first was certainly indicated, and would, I am convinced, have materially relieved my patient, and, latterly, an examination into the expedience of it, upon a hint suggested by an affectionate anxious sister, was discreet and perfectly professional. The Lady's case being an ascites primarily, became anasarcal from the operation of the blisters. These two species of dropfical affusion, I have known convertible into each other, by external applications alone. The latter, however, will, for the most part, take place of, and relieve the former, by the bold and persevering use of blisters to the thighs and legs, (an admirable application in most chronic complaints) and is, in general, preferable to tapping, which offers but a temporary expedient for relief, though I mentioned it early among the accustomed remedies in such cases as my patient's.

T w o surgeons got the management of her swelled limbs, who, to use a Liturgic phrase,

phrase, “left undone those things which they ought to have done, and did those things which they ought not to have done.” Notwithstanding I strongly recommended scarification or puncturing, as the blisters were not allowed to be continued, both these gentlemen declined it, from apprehensions of the legs getting into bad conditioned sores. Groundless, undoubtedly, were such apprehensions, as she had no less than four blisters discharging for some time in different places, without leaving any such alarming appearance behind them, which unquestionably they were as likely to do as any scarifying or puncturing lancet.

INSTEAD of external stimulus and drain,* these two professional men used hot

* A drain by the legs has saved many valuable lives, as preventing, or drying it up, has destroyed many. Two reverend men, with whose generous friendship I am honoured, owe their continuance on earth, to wish and do good to mankind, (the most god-like of all sentiments and acts) to the occasional discharges

hot fomentations and poultices for some time, till they were forced to lay them aside from experiencing no advantage from them, (advantage never can attend either in any hydropical case ; indeed I may add, in any *topical* ailment whatsoever, as their only effect is to disperse and repel, which must ever be accompanied with extreme distress

discharges of their legs ; I mean the Rev. William Smyth, near Coleraine, Ireland, brother to the late General Smyth, and in whose vicinage I practised many years, and imbibed much of my *medical* schism and unbelief ; and the Rev. Dr. Wilson of Bath, son to the late most apostolic bishop of Sodor and Man. I mention these as being conspicuous persons, in order to reconcile others to one of the happiest expedients in medical science, to lengthen out the life of man, always a *divine blessing*, while it continues to be useful to the world. Where there is any swelling, or oozing sore, in the limbs of persons advanced in life, let both be encouraged. Open the first by blisters made perpetual ; and encourage the last by dressings of the epispastic ointment investing the ulcerated or exuding part. It is surprising what good effects these applications will always have, attended with no danger, provided the constitution be powerfully supported, as it ought, by generous regimen.

distress and danger*) and seeing the great trouble and inconvenience they occasioned. Then, indeed, to do the attendant surgeon justice, he got the better of his fears, and ventured on successions of punctures, and slight incisions. They had a surprising effect. Great quantities of water trickled from every pore, and called aloud for farther applications of the lancet. It was used

* A noble lord of Ireland, Lord C—le—t, would have been destroyed by such applications, though recommended by one of the first physicians of *Ulster*, had I not accidentally called upon his lordship (who is the writer's first cousin) set them aside, and substituted *blistering* in their place. I likewise altered his regimen, which was poor and low, to one generous and manly.—Lord C—le—t recovered surprisingly and rapidly, contrary to the expectations of his local physician, Dr. H—l—dy of B—l—t, and his distant coadjutoral one, the late Dr. S—th of Dublin, in the currency of fashion esteemed the first Irish physician of his time.—I called upon the latter, with regard to his noble patient, and found (but was not surprised to find) *him*, a rigid devotee to antiquity and the schools.—He prescribed for him saline draughts, and a low, cooling regimen, than which nothing could have been more preposterous, ill-judged, or ill-timed.—The celebrated Dr. S—th himself,

used with tolerable freedom, infomuch that the oozing or transudation became constant, to the extent, I should suppose, even moderately speaking, of a pint, at an average, every twenty-four hours; which, for six weeks duration, must have amounted to a large quantity.

THE fores put on no sort of bad appearance, which confirmed the fears, at first entertained, to have had no just foundation. Indeed Mrs. S—n always lived so correctly abstemious, that her habit of
body

himself, whom all the *provincial Æsculapians* of Ireland, as also most of the old, hysterical, prudish, fanciful, opinionative women, nearly adored, when he was little turned the grand climacteric divexity of life—died! Seeing he could not save himself at the zenith of professional experience and fame, how could impartial estimation set him so high in the ability of saving others?—There is a fashion, blindly domineering over common sense, in all trades; nor is it more so, respecting milliners, mantua-makers, or friseurs, than physicians. They have *the rule* because—they have it.—Convinced I am, that the noble lord above mentioned, could not have recovered, had he continued under the management I
found

body was perfectly sound, notwithstanding the dropfical complaints. As to internal medicines, taken fuch a length of time as to do good, the adminiftration of them was rendered impoffible from the Lady's unconquerable averfion to fwallow any, even the fmalleft quantity. An averfion of the kind, fo determined and fixed, I had never feen before.

ONE

found him, though instituted by two of the principal phyficians of their day. In my Treatife on the Gout, pages 131, 2, 3, the reader will find Lord C—tle—t's cafe more particularly described.—I heartily rejoice at his lordfhip's recovery, as a friend and near relation ; but as a philofopher, perfectly difinterefted in principle, and as a *Chriftian* citizen of the world, I *feel* myfelf called upon and qualified to admonifh him. Health, rank, and fortune, are thrown away, are a marked fatire on the poffeffor, if not laid out, in every poffible direction of ufefulness, for the good of fociety and mankind. His lordfhip is rich beyond his expenditures, and is a bachelor ; what good, therefore, *may* he not do to all around him !—This will render him great in *another world*, infinitely beyond the parliamentary feat of a peer in *this*, to throw weight into the fcale of an adminiftration weak and difhonourable, juftly unfucceffful, and meritorioufly unfortunate.

ONE of her surgeons talked highly in praise of medicines to *correct* the watery tendency of her juices, and to *brace* the solids. Even supposing she could have taken them to the greatest amount, what could they have done, at her time of life? As well might an architect renew the pillars of an old temple, by *white-washing* them, or buttress a ruin with *bulrushes*.—Tonics and bracers are words of sound and pomp, but nothing else.—Many, by depending on them, for the performance of impossibilities, have weakened and reduced themselves to their graves.

NOTHING can either brace or strengthen, but what gives accretion of parts, and fresh renewed juices to support the various secretions; what I mean is generous living, good meat and drink, but pre-eminently the latter. Every thing else is the conceit of system and the technical cant of a profession. Some practitioners dream of drawing together the living nerves and fibres mechanically, so that

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they

they shall have additional contractile powers, in the same way that carriers, by means of bark emersions, act upon the *dead collapsing and thickening hide*.

I should not have insisted so much on this case, (a case of long attendance, wherein I had oftener occasion to feel for and pity the distresses of a worthy character, than opportunities effectually to relieve them) had not Mr. Milnes assumed the liberty to introduce it at the interview. I indeed immediately stopt him, as the mention of it was extraneous to the business of the meeting, as well as impertinent in the manner it was mentioned. It has likewise been often started in conversation, I am told, disreputably for me, by those who are my enemies, *they know not for what*. I have faithfully described it, and the history laid before the reader, cannot but do me honour with the discerning and candid few, whose opinion I alone hold in any estimation. General practice, likewise, if not fastidious, jaundiced

diced or pre-judged, may pick up a useful hint or two from the narrative; on which account I deem it to have been a task fortunately *forced* upon me.

N. B. Since writing the above, the swelling in my patient's legs, partly humour, and partly water, totally disappeared; she became coma-fomnilent and delirious, by turns; continued so for several days, (notwithstanding the operation of a large blister between the shoulders, repeated powerful *enemas* thrown up, &c.) was sustained during all that time by milk and water only, being incapable of taking any thing else; and at length, made *that happy change* which is never unwelcome to the good, but, to the good in hopeless bodily distress, always particularly welcome!

*Dii celant homines, ut vivere durent,
Quam sit dulce mori! —————*

CASE

C A S E S E C O N D.

MR. B—k, a gentleman in the neighbourhood, was seized with an effusion of blood from the nose, which alarmed the family, and occasioned me to be sent for. His apothecary and surgeon accompanied me. The bleeding had stopt before I reached the house; but all were uneasy and apprehensive of its return.— I made general enquiries about his usual mode of living, and the constitutional disorder, if any, he was subject to. This last question I make an indispensable one in all cases, as no physician can institute a safe or certain mode of treatment without it, whatever may be his erudition or sagacity; for every present disorder may have a reference to, or be the immediate consequence of, a former one which has disappeared.

I found he had often been attacked with
the

the gout, and sometimes with the bleeding hemorrhoids, and had reason to expect a return of the former at *that* time. My path was in a direct line before me. The first thing that suggested itself was, to bring down the gout by my favorite method—*blisters*—to the upper part of the feet. His constitution, together with his great age, near *eighty*, and the state of symptoms in general, rendered it improbable that, without external stimulus of the most forcing kind, it could be fixed in its old situation. My patient's pulse was strong, sedate, and remarkably slow, under sixty in a minute; he had no thirst, nor any other characteristic of a fever; he was costive, and his legs and feet, moreover, so uncommonly cold; that there was a necessity for having hot bricks constantly in contact with them.

DETERMINED by such appearances, I would not allow him to be *bled*, (a promiscuous operation full of mischief in most cases, yet still obstinately persisted in, against

gainst all light and knowledge) or to have any emptying or cooling medicines. I ordered some draughts rather cordial, and, now and then, small brandy and water drinks. The *vis vitæ* was extremely inactive, and the sanguiniferous circulation unusually slow and torpid. I had nothing to fear from any returns of the hemorrhage, as it was afterwards found, and acknowledged by the surgeon, that simple compression and bandage alone were sufficient to keep it in check. My whole dependance was upon the effect of the blisters giving the old gentleman a fit of the gout; being confident, that the swelling and inflammation, of one or both legs, would be a *metastasis* favourable to him, but, particularly, might divert the constitutional push or tendency of the humours to the upper extremity, and thereby give an opportunity to the vessels of the nose to collapse, and the nose itself, which was found in a swelled, tender, ulcerated state, (the cause to me unknown) to heal. This theory and practice stand upon the broadest

broadest basis, will bear the strictest examination, and shall be supported against *any* opponent who may think himself called upon to disprove it.

T H E blisters were extremely tardy in discharging *digested matter*, (as might well be supposed) though they had risen tolerably full, owing to the low degree of animal heat and vital powers, which I wished by all means to support, as being the physician's best friend in such a case, and without which, he must ever be the blind dupe of conjecture and guess.—The constitution *supported* to combat and throw off a disorder, does more, particularly in chronical cases, than *any* physician or pharmacopoliſt *can* ; and, independent of which, they can do nothing but—*harm*.

M E A N time, a recurrence of the bleeding happened, which again alarmed my patient's family. I was sent for in a hurry, as well as the ſurgeon.—Owing to an awkward miſtake, I was believed not
to

to be at home when I *really* was, afforting some papers in a chamber adjoining to the dining room.—No enquiry was made for me elsewhere ; but the gentleman's son immediately dispatched to Lincoln for another physician, though the case was merely a surgical one, respecting the hemorrhage and bad condition of the nose, and altogether out of the physician's department. But a *second* physician, was at all events, to take place of me, and one supposed or expected to act more in consonance with the *pestle* and *mortar*, than the *primary* one.—As I informed the reader before, proper dressings and simple compresses were all that were necessary. What had the physician to do with *these*, more than with an ulcer on the leg, attended with a local erosion of some neighbouring blood-vessel, or artery, and consequent hemorrhage ?

BEFORE Dr. P—ie came, and without my concurrence or approbation, as yet the attendant, responsible physician,
nitre

nitre and cooling articles were ordered; and, as if *my* patient had not already been reduced sufficiently low by the frequent loss of blood from the nose, in consequence of the bandages loosening or slipping aside, the surgeon took away *more* from him by the lancet.—He alledged in self-justification, that he found Mr. B—k, upon waiting on him, *without me*, in a HIGH FEVER. But a high fever from the very opposite condition of the body, which was *his* condition when I left him the day before, with no accession of cause whatever, I scruple not to affirm, was utterly impossible. Beside, the repeated spontaneous bleedings at the nose effectually tended to keep down the fever, had there been any existing pre-disposition towards it. Farther, I professionally assert, that bleedings at the nose never happen in high fevers, except sometimes, which is very rarely, at the *critical turns*; but *how* could it be a critical turn, which is always regularly preceded by a *duration* of the disorder, which every medical man of com-

O mon

mon sense cannot but know, when the alledged fever had not *begun* the day before, at which time I visited him?—I am almost ashamed to mention these things, but have been *forced* to do it, from an allowable sense of the professional cruelty with which I have been (I appeal to facts) unworthily treated, and to convince the public on what a poor foundation and wretched stock of scientific knowledge the common practice of this country is conducted. Indeed, I need not say *this* country; for in many other places, where I have been, intentionally, on the *medical look-out*, I have met with similar instances of false data and bad management, unavoidably, grounded on them.

ON Mr. B—k's return from Lincoln, he waited on me, and requested me to be in readiness to accompany Dr. P—ie to his father's, who promised to be in Newark next day. Next day Dr. P—ie came, without any intimation of his arrival directly to me. He staid all night in town,
as

as I was afterward told, and paid *my* patient two visits, but no message whatever to me as the *prior* physician.* What account he received respecting my manner of treating Mr. B—k, (supposing my name to have been mentioned, which I know not it was) I yet require to be informed of.—I am confident it was an imperfect and mutilated one ; unjust to me, (according to custom) as it was inadequate to enable the doctor to comprehend my plan or intentions.

W H A T he may have ordered, from the apothecary's, for *my* patient, I am equally ignorant of, nor do I care to know. This I am persuaded of, which is quite sufficient for me, that all the medicines
in

* Whether Dr. P—ie knew this circumstance, I cannot take upon me positively to say. From the candour and propriety of his behaviour, however, when we attended a respectable gentleman of Newark, in consultation twice before, (a candour and propriety which are the *duty* of every man who actuated by honour and feels principle) I should supposed to think he did not.

in the apothecary's shop, even in the hands of Hippocrates himself, had he risen from the dead for the occasion, could not have availed Mr. B—k, independent of the blisters *ordered by me*. For know, liberal reader! at the very time Dr. P—ie was essaying with his *pen* to assist my patient, he was told, the blisters required dressing, and that one of Mr. B—k's legs was swelled, inflamed and painful. What I expected and wished came to pass; the gout moved downward; and, from that auspicious moment, *my* patient began to recover: the bleeding gradually lessened, the nose, unnaturally irritated, grew better, and all things put on a promising face. The leg continued to discharge for more than a fortnight after, and the old gentleman is now going about, hearty and well, and, probably, with the prospect before him of some years *added* to his life. These circumstances I had from a gentleman who was in the house when Dr. P—ie was applied to about the state of the blisters, and who herself often super-

intended

intended the dressing of them, and, consequently, is an honest witness of the discharge they had : a discharge which *saved the old man's life*, and should make the family at least candid, if not grateful to me.*—The reader is left to his own reflections on this *extraordinary* case, so much misrepresented, by ignorance only exceeded by malevolence, but so little understood, even by those who have not hesitated to decide upon it ultimately and against me.

C A S E T H I R D.

THE *late* Mrs. N—ble I called upon, soon after my arrival in Newark, along with a Lady, to give her my advice, as a friend, relative to an ailing leg, of which she complained much, but could
get

* The old gentleman, at his very advanced period of life, a wonderful picture of health, exertion and spirits, lately called upon me, when we parted mutually satisfied with each other.

get no relief for. Upon examining it, I found nothing amiss, but a callous, horn-like appearance, where, upon a former occasion, some violent application had destroyed the skin and part of the muscular flesh. She had pain and awkwardness in moving, to which her business particularly exposed her, by the rigidity and tension of the part interrupting the action and flexibility of the neighbouring muscles. In all other respects, she was perfectly well, ate her victuals heartily, looked ruddy and robust, but with a degree of corpulent fulness on the whole.

I told her, before the Lady who brought me to see her, that she had reason to be satisfied with her condition, and to thank Heaven it was not worse, adding, as what ought to be a convincing argument in such a case, that hundreds of people were in a worse state than she, could not walk at all, and were without her good health and comforts, in other respects. I advised
her

her against all applications to her leg, while it remained in the state I saw it, and likewise I advised her against all nostrums and drugs. I left her seemingly reconciled to what I had said, and saw her no more : her remains were, a few months after, carried to the church-yard.

IMPATIENT under a complaint which might have a variety of worse substitutes, and catching at the offered relief of confident empiricism, she submitted to be *salivated*, by the advice of a gentleman, long since out of business, and who ought not to have interfered in matters of such serious consequence. The horrid process was begun—and a more horrid one does not exist in the darkest cells of the inquisition—she melted down by degrees in the mercurial solution ; grew so relaxed and weakened, with her juices so broken down and unnaturally commixt with each other in one colliquative mass, that blood at length was strained through the salivary glands : she became an emaciated spectacle
of

of hopeless misery, loathsome and offensive to herself and all around her, and then went—where she will be salivated no more. —Salivation was instrumental in destroying this unhappy woman : it has destroyed thousands, and will destroy every one, sooner or later, who shall be so fatally advised as to undergo it.—He who advised this particular salivation, which ended in the death of a person who might have lived and been useful for many years, is the *very* gentleman who had the medical prudery to be startled at eight grains of calomel, to be carried out of the constitution in a few hours !

THE juxtaposition of idle fear on the one hand, and temerarious officiousness on the other, cannot fail to strike the reader. But it should strike *himself* much more forcibly. I accuse not this person of any thing bad in intention. I am certain he intended and wished well : but what was that to the world, or to relations, in the article of satisfaction or comfort ?

fort?—A life lost, whether by ignorance, or design, is a life lost. The *reality* of the loss is the same in either case to friends in particular, or to the public at large.

THIS affair, *too bad* as it is, should have passed unnoticed by me, in this public manner, had not my *name* been brought into the account.—In consequence of the salivation putting on alarming appearances, and the parties concerned beginning to apprehend *the worst*, it was asserted, in public company, by *one*, (who *ought* to have been well-informed) that I had declared the late Mrs. N—ble's leg to be in so desperate a state, that nothing but amputation could save *it*.—I *never* did say, never *could* say so, in the possession of my professional senses ; but, on the contrary, as the reader has been already informed, I told the ill-fated woman that there was no manner of danger in the then state of her leg, and that every thing applied to *it*, or to *her*, would, in all likelihood, render it worse.

I need not anticipate the reader of sensibility in the reflections which must crowd upon him, from the above *facts*. I only say, I was *forced* to state them in *self-defence*, and to let blame lie where it ought. Self-defence indeed has given birth to this publication, the writing of which has interrupted me in other matters, on which I had set my mind, and which are congenial with my principles and feelings.—For a man first to commit a capital mistake in physic, and, when the consequences of that mistake evidently menaced—death, to bring in an *innocent* professional character, to share his odium and his disgrace—how shall I term the deed?—No living or dead language, with which I am acquainted, has a term to answer my purpose.

As salivation is, in *all* cases, either attended with useless or fatal effects, I could wish to discourage it altogether. I shall therefore *borrow from myself* the following short remarks, part of another work yet unpublished,

unpublished, but in forwardness for publication, and which I wish every *good* man of the profession to read with half the earnestness *many* pen long impotent prescriptions.

“ THIS rash unscientific practice, (salivation) lays a sure foundation for numberless chronical complaints of the bad anamolous kind, interrupting the comforts of life, and slowly sapping the constitution; provided the less equivocal attacks of dropfy, jaundice, indurated liver, hectic, atrophy, or pulmonary decline, do not ensue. There is another objection I think insuperable to the practice of salivating in *any* disorder, which seriously deserves the consideration of my brethren.”

“ DURING its violence, it stops all the natural secretions, which are the daily preservatives of life, particularly by the kidneys, biliary ducts, intestinal canal, cuticular vessels, sebaceous glands, &c. and not only stops, but brings their viti-
 tiated

ated contents, by an artificial retrograde force, (which health reprobates, and often sinks under) to be discharged by the mouth, *viz.* urine, sweat, bile, and, I have no doubt, the fluid absorbable parts of the fæces, abounding with acrid, caustic salts of the worst kind. Hence the odious and offensive taste of the mouth, often almost beyond bearing, total depravity of the appetite, and intolerable fœtid effluvia of the breath; insomuch that the poor creature (who could not have deserved so dire a punishment for the greatest enormity ever committed) becomes partially putrid and stinking above ground.”—

“P A T I E N T S under salivation are almost always costive, make little water, and have dry skins, till the last colliquative stools and sweatings come on, and with which death is continuous.—It is no wonder; for what should have passed off, as excrementitious, by the intestines, bladder and other outlets, is attracted to the mouth and percolated forcibly through
its

its glands. Thus, instead of the various series of humours, subservient to the health and life of the body, moving from the center to the circumference, and having a *variety* of occasional passages out; they are violently repelled from the circumference to the center, and hurried off by *one* passage only, preternaturally enlarged. Shall we be surprised then that all the humours and juices, thus preposterously combined and agitated, should become depraved and morbid; the signs of which may be seen in the reduced habits, sunk eye-balls, flattened temples, approximated nostrils, through which the air is straitened in its passage, and pallid countenances of those unhappy persons who trust their lives to the barbarian salivator!"

“THE officious and blundering art of medicine has done infinite mischief in all ages.—It still goes on, without compunction or remorse, unenlightened by philosophy, and uninstructed by the experience of ages, to thin the ranks of society, and oftentimes

oftentimes the most useful.—Salivation is one of the fatal instruments by which it works. How wretched must have been the theory and reasoning on which it was first founded ! Wretched indeed I must call it. To bring those corrupt, acrid humours, which Nature had kindly thrown out of the great internal circulation, to lay by, as it were, innoxious in the extremities, to dislodge and bring them back, I say, through all the mazes and labyrinths of the vascular, glandular system, depraving and poisoning every fluid they meet with and every channel they pass thro', would seem one of the last expedients of lead-headed, stubborn ignorance, and unthinking temerity. Yet from the schools, so lost to science, liberal investigation and common sense, as to sanction and recommend the absurd and dangerous process, the whole system of modern practice is, I am hurt to observe it, for the most part derived."

" I have been explicit on this head, at
once

once to make practitioners recollect themselves in the *broad pathed trade of death*, if any thing can do it, and to alarm the people at large, for whom alone I write, against *salivation*, which blunderingly attempting to remove one evil, has often (alas! how often!) introduced a complication of lingering evils, ending in misery or death :* the latter surely the happier alternative ; for a life of protracted bodily suffering is, if I may use the expression, a sort of protracted, *living death*."

THE

* Another instance has occurred in Newark since I came there, additional to Mrs. N—ble's, of the pernicious effects of *salivation*. Mr. C—n, an industrious inhabitant, came to consult me some months ago, relative to the state of his mouth, and particularly the condition of his jaw, which in both articulations, was immoveable. On enquiry I found he had undergone a salivation of five weeks, to *cure* some scorbutic ulcers and runnings, with which he had been afflicted.

The poor man, in the prime of life, at the head of a family, enjoying health and robustness otherwise, can admit nothing between his teeth, but fluids, except what is minced very small, and takes an hour

at

THE foregoing cases, through the medium of malignant misrepresentation, were meant to lower my professional character in Newark, where my *présent tent* of medical observation and detection is pitched; but like most things wickedly intended, that is, in the face of a DIVINE REVELATION, pointing at *partial*, not *general* good;

at a time to receive so much nourishment as his necessities require, and scarcely that.*—By the salivary attraction of the mercury, the acrid humours were brought from all parts of the body to the mouth; infarcting, inflaming and ulcerating the gums and internal surface of the cheek, approximating the two and disposing them to grow together. This adhesion, and probably an indurated state of the salivary glands and synovial ducts, have brought on an ankylosis of a peculiar kind, affecting each jaw.—I recommended the trial of a blister, the first time he visited me, as a powerful stimulus and evacuant, to divert any future flux of humours from the mouth, that might add to and increase the swelling and callosity. It had no *other* effect, though borne with great

* To prevent the jaws being entirely closed, he is obliged to keep a peg of wood constantly between his upper and lower range of teeth.—To see Mr. C—n, who is to be seen virtuously employed every day, is to be struck with the ignorance, rashness, and folly of—MEDICAL PRETENDERS.

good will eventually serve, instead of injuring me. Good, in the consummately wise arrangement of events, generally comes out of evil, and, indeed, amounts to one of the strongest arguments possible, for the permission of the latter. The *permission* of evil is the direct *illustration* of good. Without evil, contrasted with its *divine opposite*, there could be no such thing as *good* in the world.—The apothecaries of Newark, and their implicit adherents,

great constancy for some weeks.—Mr. C—n's disorder was easy of cure at first, as every species of the scurvy, treated rationally, is, without the mischievous intervention of a ptyalism; at all times an injudicious, desperate remedy, which I sincerely wish to see in professional disgrace.—In his present state, being beyond the powers of medicine, I advised him, a considerable time ago, to consult the *surgeons* of Newark and Nottingham, to try if any thing could be done in their line, not depending on the advice of one or two alone, in so urgent and critical a case.

A sensible and experienced surgeon in Nottingham writes me to the following effect. “The inflammation which succeeded the use of the mercury, appears to have created ulcerations in the internal parts of the cheeks, and upon the gums of the lower
jaw,

herents, with no merit on their side which I can acknowledge, have hit upon the likeliest method to secure my establishment, as long as I shall chuse it, in the grand scheme I am embarked in, and increase my business, which, in every other respect, I wish to have independent of them. They have endeavoured to direct the good sense of the town of Newark, with regard to the choice of a physician, which they had no manner of right to interfere

jaw, as those parts have been brought into contact and adhere to each other; nor can I think he will be able to open the mouth until they are separated by the knife.—I have told him the necessity of being under the operator's care for a little time, in order to prevent a second adhesion, after they have been divided."—Whether this gentleman's brethren in Newark will coincide with him in opinion, respecting the *necessity* of the operation, remain to be tried. Nothing else, as it appears to me, would seem powerful enough to restore motion to the impracticable jaw.—I sincerely wish the operation may succeed, to the relief of a sober, industrious man.—

N.B. The operation has been performed by Mr. Bland, surgeon in Newark; in what manner, or upon what principles, I know not; but the operation DID NOT SUCCEED.—Mr. C—n still remains a LIVING monument of—Unprincipled salivation.

terfere in, on any account, more than the *chymist* or *druggist*, who supply them with medicines (without whom they should have none) at so moderate a rate, that, in consequence of the supply, they get rich, proud and conceited, in a few years; and they have taken every method, direct and indirect, to depreciate and traduce a character, because it was found to be attached to the people, and little disposed to consider their *trade*, separately from the ease, comfort, and convalescence of patients. I am sorry to add that, in so doing, they have exposed the honour of the profession, and given the world unquestionable reason to suppose, that covetousness, the vile lust of money, (every where condemned and reprobated in Scripture) is, with them, the ruling passion, and that the accommodation and recovery of patients are but secondary and inconsiderable considerations.

WHEN I mention chymists or druggists, I would observe, that they have an
equal

equal right with apothecaries to prescribe, that is, to practice as physicians. They are but merchants both, the former wholesale, and the latter retail. The one having attended hospitals, and the other not, makes no difference. Those who attend the hospitals, do it to qualify themselves as surgeons, and not as apothecaries.—Neither are surgeons themselves authorized to prescribe to diseases, except those immediately connected with chirurgical cases and operations. Their mixt characters, as surgeon-apothecaries, make a confusion in business and lead the public astray, as if they formed *one* profession, when, at the same time, they are as distinct as possible. Disorders never will be treated with safety or honour until medical men make up *two* classes alone, *physicians* and *surgeons*. While practitioners have a profit on the drugs they *prescribe*, and, on many articles, an enormous one, they will prescribe for the sake of getting off *these* drugs, however insignificant in
their

their operation, or however, perhaps, doing irremediable mischief all the time.*

THE love of money is an idolatry of so bewitching a nature, that every principle, every moral consideration, gives way to it, (how philosophically humiliating the thought!) when they come into *competition*. But in no profession should it be restrained with a more watchful spirit, than in that of physic. Physic, or more properly the art of healing, is the divinest of all arts, and what the Saviour of mankind most delighted in.—It is enough, surely, that wretched mortals are confined to sick-beds, and endure the punishment of *bodily* distress, without being punished in their *purse*; oftentimes beyond what it can bear. If they have *value received*,
by

* Every physician ought to be his *own* apothecary; that is, he should keep his own drugs, and not ridiculously have to send at a distance for what he ought to have at home. If a practitioner is to do good, why not have the MEANS immediately in his own hands?

by being restored to *health*, it is well ; no pecuniary reward, almost, should seem *too* great in return for such a blessing, as restored health is a renewed power of *making money*, (if money is, contrary to Revelation, to be our *heaven* upon *earth*) imparted by the successful practitioner : but, on the contrary, how grievous to families, where the medical case has been mistaken, has been rendered worse, or has terminated in death—I say, how grievous to families, the superaddition of considerable expence ! Unsuccessful doctors, provided they have buoyed up the people whom they attended with confident hopes of recovery, (which, from downright ignorance, is a common case) should return all the fees they may have received, as most disorders, except that of old age alone, are either medicable or relievable, by *sagacious* and *disinterested* art.

WERE such an happy rule established, doctors would be wary and considerate in undertaking the management of diseases ;
beside,

beside which, not one patient would die in five that do, or be still worse, *viz.* ailing spectacles for life.—The same conduct ought likewise to obtain among apothecaries. In unsuccessful cases (good God! how often do they happen!) they should charge nothing for their drugs; a circumstance, continually before their eyes, which would effectually check their forward propensity to load *unfortunate* patients with *repetaturs* on *repetaturs*.—The much to be desired result of the whole would be a reduction of practitioners one half; a reduction devoutly to be wished, and fervently to be prayed for. While they remain as they are, crowding every city, town and village, (cruelly taxing the inhabitants, without even an act of parliament in their favour) college systems will grow more embarrassed and embarrassing; disorders more complicated and mysterious; and the triumphs of death, quickened in his ravages, be more numerous and conspicuous over our species.

WHEREVER

WHEREVER doctors abound, *there* Death has erected his black standard, and will have in proportion his sable processions to the church-yard. One physician and one druggist, *disinterested* in principle, and *simple* in prescription, are sufficient for any district of twenty miles circumference, not including a very large city or town. The true knowledge of disorders, is comprisable in a score of octavo pages, which now make huge volumes; and the remedies for them reducible, as already noticed, to *eight* articles. On this short but correct scale of business, therefore, a physician, as above described, could do justice to an hundred patients a-day.

THIS pamphlet swells upon my hands, contrary to my original intention. Tho' local in many of the circumstances that gave it birth, there are things in it applicable to every place, and from which the practitioner, open to instruction, (I could wish there were more thus happily conditioned) may draw useful conclusions.

I make no apology for the freedom and boldness of my remarks.—They are free and bold, because I love mankind, in the most uncircumscribed sense of the word, beyond every professional connection and social attachment.—When I see men of *like* trade colleague together, to enhance and multiply the profits of *that* trade, those who think themselves inferiors in it, from unmanly considerations, burning daily incense to their apprehended *bettors*; I am hurt for the honour of the human character: but when I consider *this trade* in intimate connection with the lives and constitutions of the people, and that the *less* extensive and flourishing it is, the *more* conducive to the comforts and happiness of mankind; I am shocked to contemplate the present state of it in most places: *i. e.* men getting rich from poor beginnings, and utterly destitute of learning or liberal knowledge, the only *legitimate* basis for success; while the art of healing, especially in chronical complaints, is not more certain or successful now, than it was

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some hundred years ago, long before the true doctrine of the blood's circulation was accurately known.

T H E S E convictions and feelings I have warmly expressed, wherever I chanced to reside ; and thence have had the *apothecaries*, for the most part, my secret detractors and calumniators. Yet, unaccountable as it will appear, these very men have adopted my mode of treating diseases, even before my face ; pilfered the files of my receipts, prescribed their contents, and have been—successful.*—I give them

* This adoption has increased considerably since writing this. When I find it established and universal here, and the old absurd and pernicious system of *equivocal* medicines, that is, alteratives or nostrums, and indiscriminate venesection, discountenanced and exploded, other places shall be taught the same reform ; as I have not a wish to survive a moment longer than I can be useful to society in their best interests, every member of which I esteem my *brother*, on the enlarged Christian scale of relationship, as, also, God the father of us all, I shall never cease my best endeavours. This disposition constantly reduced to act, I am persuaded, is the grand, indeed the only, preparation for another world.

them credit for the adoption, and heartily wish it were more general ; but in what terms should their meanness and disingenuity be reprobated, for endeavouring to vilify their *benefactor* and to undermine his practical usefulness ?—They condemn him for the little use he makes of medicines ; but, in doing so, pay him a substantial compliment, as he is much more successful than those physicians who prescribe loads : so that the plain English of the matter is this, *they condemn him for being successful* ; or, in other words, feel troubled and disappointed, that patients should not have a *chance to die*, by taking larger portions of their abominable stuff.

SINCE his deviation from the schools, and reforming his pharmacopœia, to the exclusion of ninety-nine articles of an hundred, *he has never lost a patient*, except where he has given warning, and pronounced the case an irrecoverable one.*

Indeed

* This, however, is impossible to be done, in the

Indeed, he has been sometimes most pleasingly disappointed, by the recovery of patients under his care, whose cases, according to his best judgment at the time, he thought and intimated to those concerned, would turn out fatally. His will be the success of every practitioner, who acts upon just principles, has simple conceptions of disorders, and never orders a medicine, whether compound or simple, the decisive virtues of which he does not know from *repeated* experience; and who loves money *far less* than the moral approbation of

the beginning stages of several disorders; such being the difficulty and nicety of the medical profession. There shall be for many days, in some cases, such an equipoise of good and bad symptoms, so exact an equilibrium between life and death, that the most consummate abilities will not be able to pronounce on which side the preponderation is likely to happen. This distressing suspense, however, has an end. The auspicious appearances on the one hand, or the un-auspicious on the other, suddenly take the lead. At this time the physician can be at no loss for his prognostic; therefore, should announce it to those concerned, with that firmness, but circumspection, which good sense, principle and knowledge of the world, are never without.

of his own mind, and the enjoyment, in secret, of his own thoughts.

IT will appear to the impartial reader, that my *own* brethren, as well as the *apothecaries*, have come in for their share of reprehension, in the foregoing pages.—They deserve it in some instances more, as the education of the former should inspire them with a superiority of thought and dignity of demeanour beyond the latter.—In general it may be said, that the physician who comes up to the apothecary's full idea of *pleasing* him, consequently is his *favourite physician*, MUST BE UNJUST TO HIS PATIENTS. It is of no consideration to the world, how his *intentions* may or may not exculpate him.—His intentions are out of the question, and have no reference to any but his GOD.—The fact is, and nothing can set aside fact, that—*his patients must have injustice done them, so long as he continues a favourite of the apothecaries, and is highly spoken of by them. Nihil vero verius.*

IT

IT is impossible to save patients, while the forms of medicine prescribed for them are perpetually changing, once, twice or thrice a-day, without any particular one having a fair, steady trial. Instead of operating on the patient, agreeable to some rational unity of design or discreet indication, they only contend with each other, and counteract each other's effects; while the patient's stomach is to be considered as *the field of action*, consequently, the scene of constant fermentation and uproar. All this time the original disorder, mistaken and neglected, gathers strength and obstinacy, which overpower the constitution and kill the patient; or else GOD, all gracious in second causes, recovers him by the secret efforts of the constitution, in spite of doctors and their drugs.—This, for the most part, is the progress of modern prescription, the systematic traffic between the physician and apothecary.—*Par nobile fratrum.*

No one of the profession has had the
boldness

boldness to say so hitherto. The detection has been reserved for me. As a general object, highly interesting, the world shall find me faithful and steady to *their* cause, by means of the press, as often as it becomes necessary; and though I cannot prevent flanders and low calumnies from being uttered, propagated and believed, (they are the bloated growth of every place) yet I will, whatever may be the trouble or risk, watch over the dignity and integrity of the profession, with a jealous eye, whilst I have the honour of presiding over it in Newark, or elsewhere; anxious it shall not suffer by scientific ignorance, on the one hand, or over-bearing self-conceit and presumption, on the other.*

HAVING

* There is a most salutary law in Ireland, procured by the late excellent physician, patriot, and man, Dr. LUCAS, one of the members for the city of Dublin at the time, by which a considerable pecuniary fine is incurred, if any but graduates of a college shall write and sign prescriptions. By the same statute, physicians, regularly bred, are obliged to authenticate their receipts, by writing down the
initials

HAVING faithfully narrated the cases which have been misconstrued and whispered about to my disadvantage, by people whose zeal has no knowledge to direct it, and whose officiousness is only exceeded by their mercenary views; I next beg leave to present the reader with the following list of patients, which have been either perfectly recovered, or considerably relieved in my hands. They will not be displeased to be recorded as witnesses of the truth. The genuine sons and daughters of truth, will never redden with the consciousness of betraying or being ashamed of it.—I have no quack-like vanity, let me be suffered to say, in bringing them forward. My purpose is only to do justice

initials of the university where they may have taken their degree. A similar act of parliament, in Great-Britain, would have excellent effects; would at once maintain the honour of science, the chastity of prescription, and deter officious empirics, of all descriptions, whose knowledge is an apprenticeship to masters as ignorant as themselves, and whose intermeddling in the care of lives is their guilt, from profaning the holy ground of the *Ars Medendi*.

justice to a *rational plan*, which will seldom or never fail of success, and to show the impotency of the present *reigning mode* of prescribing. I shall particularize them according to the date of my attendance, and use initials only, but initials authenticated by the names at full length on the files of the chymists.

Mr. M. (country) a spectacle of misery for some years, with his eye and head. Recovered!—Miss J. L. Her case has been given at full length. Recovered.*—
S Mr.

* Since writing this little young Lady's case, every appearance of scorbutic eruption has entirely gone off; and, with her brother and sister, she has had the meazles in the most favourable manner, notwithstanding Mr. Milnes, *her late unfortunate doctor*, declared a former eruptive illness of her's to be *that* disorder.

The meazles, like most other diseases, are systematically mismanaged every day. Hence so many tedious and imperfect recoveries, and so many instances of pulmonary declines, and other distressing local maladies, from what is justly called the remaining *dregs* of the disorder. The meazles are not more successfully treated now, than they were an hundred
years

Mr. S. (town) his case a long and dangerous one. Recovered!—Mr. W. (town) a bad nervous fever. Recovered!—Mrs. G. (town) the complaint about which I was consulted, deemed incurable by her surgeon, Mr. Milnes, and through him by the world at large, *by my method*. Recovered!—Mrs. H. (town) asthma, with fulness, oppression, and want of appetite.

Considerably

years ago, to the shame of modern physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries!—Treated on the writer's plan, the measles are subduable in a few days, and all the usual bad consequences entirely prevented, instead of the present tedious and dangerous process *in fashion*.—He has long been accustomed to keep a blister discharging from their very first appearance, to preserve the bowels open all the time, and allow a dilute proportion of spirits and water for the constant drink. The blister has three important effects. It prevents the eyes being affected, which they almost always are; holds the cough in check; and effectually obviates the residuum of the disease falling upon the lungs, or any other important viscus.—When will my brethren learn to be successful, by deviating from *themselves*, and from the *schools*.—Could an act of parliament be procured sufficiently operative to make men *wiser* and *better*, how glorious the majority that should pass it! How unlike many of our present disgraceful majorities!

Considerably relieved!—Mrs. D. (town) nervous headach, and other disagreeable symptoms. Considerably relieved!—Mrs. S. (town) exquisite distress about the hepatic region, &c. &c. Considerably relieved!—Mr. H. (country) a total paralytic weakness and immobility. Recovered!—Mr. S. (town) slow nervous fever. Recovered!†—Mr. T. (town) constipation of the bowels and gall-stones. Recovered!—Master P. (town) scorbutic eruptions, and bilious complaints. Recovered!—Mr. L. (town) a complication of distressing ailments of long standing. Considerably relieved!*—Mrs. M. (town)

* In the catalogue of this gentleman's complaints was the hemorrhoids, and a painful *incontinentia urinæ*. Both are now perfectly cured, but by a method totally different from the common. Indeed, the common method is so uncommonly absurd, that I am not at all surprised these disorders rank with others among the *approbria medicorum*. Let physicians be cured of *systematic obstinacy*, and faith infinitely beyond works, before they presume to undertake the cure of *diseases*.

† The remains of this patient's fever settled in one leg,

(town) a bowel complaint, and tendency to a decline. Recovered !—Mrs. M. (town) first stage of pulmonary consumption. Considerably relieved !—Mr. H. (town) bloody urine and other complaints. Relieved !—Mr. T. (town) nervous and bowel indisposition. Recovered !—This gentleman's maid servant, deemed a lost case by herself and others. Recovered.—Another of his maid servants, fever and fore

leg, and brought on a considerable swelling. A blister, kept open for a week or a fortnight longer, would have entirely removed it; but, notwithstanding I recommended the discharge in the strongest manner, Mr. S.— had not the resolution to comply with my advice. Instead of that, means were injudiciously used to disperse the swelling, that is, to send the humours upwards into the system; a sure foundation for future complaints.—The obstinacy of common practice is amazing. Plodding for ever in the dark, hacknied tracts of former times, *doctors* shut their eyes against every ray of light that might enter.—It is an undoubted proof of a good constitution to be able to throw down the humour that oppresses it to the extremities. Had any of the interior vitals been unsound, the humour would have stopt *there*, and never have come down. Surely this should seem plain to the commonest discernment. Yet blundering

fore throat. Recovered !—Mr. W. (country) various internal complaints. Considerably relieved !—Mr. M. (country) a bilious and aguish case, attended with uncommon languor, and dejection of spirits. Considerably relieved ! [This patient's complaints are very common.—They are occasioned by *the absence of a topical disorder*, such as the gout, rheumatism, piles, &c. Indeed every internal complaint may truly be called an abortive struggle of the constitution, to form and locate

blundering art, with the solemn confidence of experienced wisdom, adopts every expedient, *viz.* poultice, fomentation, embrocation, chaffing, &c. to counteract the constitution's benign purpose, and repel the humours upwards ; in consequence of which some organ material to life begins to ail, or a number of nameless internal complaints soon discover themselves. People are content to impute all this to the *afflicting hand of God*, an indecent expression in the mouths even of well educated people, and that man is *naturally* subject to inevitable diseases : nothing, however, can be more absurd or untrue. The whole results from medical bungling and mismanagement, and our Maker's name should ever stand clear of such foul and irreverent aspersions.

Most

locate an outward disease. With adequate natural, or artificial power, where the former fails, the constitution would throw every thing that oppresses or disturbs it, on the joints, or to the surface.]—Mrs. C. (country) rheumatic headach of many years duration. Considerably relieved!—Mrs. J. (town) violent nervous symptoms. Considerably relieved!—Mrs. H. (country) virulent humours about the gums, jaw, and neck, mistaken for a confirmed cancer, and considered as incurable. Recovered!—Mrs. E. (town) bad case of the hemorrhoids. Considerably relieved!—Mrs. W. (town) enormous wen
slightly

Most disorders, not acute, are the effects of *repulsion* from the surface and extremities, by the daring hand of untaught art, or of *revulsions* not properly timed and sustained, by the judicious applications of enlightened experience. In lieu of these, patients are daily losing their time, health, money, wits, &c. in taking braceers and strengtheners (as they are technically called) from the apothecary's shop, which can no more give strength or tone to the weakened constitution, than a sun painted on a sign-board can warm the earth, or the reflected image of that august luminary in water produce vegetation.

slightly ulcerated, with other distressing ailments. Considerably relieved!—Mrs. M. (country) exquisite misery from hysterical causes, rendered inveterate by common practice. Considerably relieved!—Mrs. B. (town) asthma, cough, headach and fever. Recovered!—Mr. S. (country) unsettled gout, constipated bowels, fulness and pain about the stomach and hepatic region. Recovered!—Master and Miss L. (town) measles, with cough and sore throat. Recovered!—Mr. D's children, (town) bad kind of measles, complicated with scorbutic eruptions. Recovered!—Mrs. F. (town) bilious cholic and diarrhœa. Recovered!—Miss G. (town) bowel complaint, wasting, and other alarming complaints. Recovered!—Miss C. (town) bad ague, mismanaged with the bark, a common practice. Considerably relieved!—Miss R. (town) violent scurvy and erysipelas combined. Considerably relieved!—Mrs. L. (town) great pain cross the breast and stomach, with biliary obstructions. Considerably relieved!

relieved!—Mrs. H. (town) complaint in
 her neck. Considerably relieved!—Mr.
 G. (town) scurvy of the worst kind, oc-
 cupying the external throat, the chin,
 cheeks, &c. Considerably relieved!—
 Mrs. S (country) cough and pain in the
 breast. Considerably relieved!—Mrs. H.
 (town) scorbutic acrimony, and bilious
 complaints. Considerably relieved!—Mr.
 A. (town) paralytic symptoms. Consi-
 derably relieved!—Mr. T. (town) scor-
 butic eruptions badly treated. Conside-
 rably relieved!—Mr. C. (country) bowel
 obstructions, with abdominal hardness and
 swelling. Recovered!—Mr. H. (coun-
 try) complaints of a similar nature. Re-
 covered!—Mrs. C. (town) bowel indis-
 position. Considerably relieved!—Mr.
 F. (country) a long standing ague, at-
 tended with threatening symptoms. Re-
 covered!—Mr. S. [country] bad ulce-
 rated leg, pronounced incurable. Reco-
 vered!—Mr. G. [country] fever, ague,
 and violent ventricular spasms. Reco-
 vered!—Mr. C. [country] excruciating
 pain

pain in his side, delirium, and intestinal obstructions. Considerably relieved!—Mr. D. (country) low nervous fever, neglected till the *ninth* day. Recovered!—Mr. D. (country) fever, with uncommon abdominal fulness and pain. Recovered!—Mr. W. (country) obstinate nervous fever, neglected till the *fourteenth* day. Recovered!—Mr. W. (town) liver disorder and Rheumatism. Recovered!—Mrs. T. (town) hectic fever, extreme weakness languors, and total deprivation of appetite, after lying-in. Recovered.—Mr. B. (town) abdominal obstruction and pain. Recovered!—Mrs. T. (town) rheumatic fever, attended with alarming symptoms. Recovered!—

N. B. Many of those set down “Considerably relieved,” in the foregoing list of patients, have a prospect of being recovered in a reasonable time.—Indeed such has been the grateful consciousness of several patients before mentioned, on account of unexpected relief or cures, that

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they have heaped *extra* favours on the writer, as much beyond his expectation as his wishes, but peculiarly valuable as being stamp'd with gratitude.*

LET me see the physician, and be told his name, who can present such credentials to the public, during so short space of practice as a few months! These are the *friends* which support and illustrate a physician's character, and not the trumpeting of apothecaries, who blow only to bring custom to their own shops. Half of the success above specified, effected in
so

* In the foregoing list are not included numbers of the poorer sort, who have been recovered, or greatly relieved, in consequence of the writer's advice; among which were some accounted beyond cure—and given over by common practice. Indeed, it must be remarked, that the poor, the children of Providence, and who ought, therefore, to be every one's concern, in the various illnesses they are peculiarly liable to, are soon, alas! abandoned by the generality of practitioners. They give no fees, and God, having no bail or security to give, is not to be trusted till so remote a period as the last day.

It

so short a time, would establish a London physician in the first circles of practice. Nay, I have my doubts that any one there, at present, commenced business in so respectable and unequivocal a manner.—It becomes me to tell the truth, however it may involve my own praise. My own praise, in this instance, involves the most sacred interests of the public, those which regard

It is a thought which seldom, I believe, strikes most people, that *that* property which they fondly *suppose* their own, *is not* their own. It belongs, in discreet proportions, to poverty, affliction and distress, or, more properly, it belongs to God, who wills and wishes it to be bestowed upon the needy, the afflicted and distressed.—His are all the resources of nature; while those who, by accident or fortune, enjoy the most of them, are only to be considered as his *stewards*, no less accountable to him than ordinary stewards to an estate, for the faithful annual return of rents to their principals.

If there is one affliction or distress in the town or neighbourhood where we reside, which we are *able* to alleviate but *do not*, I have no doubt we shall stand as culprits before the bar of divine retribution for the omission.—Property locked up in our coffers, unlaid out for the good of mankind, as well as our own, exemplifies the scriptural talent, “hid in a napkin,”
which

regard *health* and *life*. Affected humility is vanity in a mask. *Facts* are witnesses sent from the skies, and entitle a man to hold up his head with dignity and composure, at the bar of the public, against false accusation and ungenerous surmise.

LET me not be told of the college whence a physician comes, nor of the *Dissertatio medica inauguralis* he may have to distribute to the apothecaries. If he is to be uniformly successful, where success is practicable, and knows why he is so, beyond things academically taken for granted, he must; he will abandon many of

which rendered the possessor an “unprofitable servant,” and deserving of exemplary punishment.—Nay, on the scale of Revelation, it is clear to me, that even *superfluous* furniture, carriages, horses, servants, &c. is a perversion of riches, a high species of moral delinquency in the sight of spiritual beings, (to whom exclusive property is unknown) if there be *one* fellow creature within our reach destitute of a meal, or a comfort. Scripture asserts it. “Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasures in heaven, and come and follow me.”

of the fundamental doctrines of *that* college. I have done so, and have never lost a patient, except those I declared could not be saved. As to any man's thesis, built upon the maxims of the college, and adorning the libraries of the apothecaries, he will be ashamed of it in a few years; and, if he is capable of self-cultivation, of advances in scientific wisdom, he cannot but adopt the Ovidian remark,

Dum

me."—If it be *so*, and on the Christian scheme it unquestionably *is*, what shall we think of our Lords and Dukes, rioting in superfluities of grandeur, in satiety of voluptuousness, the length of disgust and apathy, amid thousands, AS GOOD, AS GREAT AS THEY, IN DIVINE ESTIMATION, who may not have daily bread to eat, with perhaps superadded family sickness! Yet this is the case in every county of England.—Still more. What shall we think of our *Bishops* (Fathers in GOD as they are ridiculously styled), who amass great fortunes, contrary to their scriptural commission, and to Apostolic example, while thousands in their respective diocesses lack common food and decent cloathing from the cold!—When I see a bishop passing along in his chariot and four, and a poor hungry person begging alms in his way, *Dives* and *Lazarus* irresistibly present themselves to my thoughts.

*Dum relego, scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno.
Me quoque, qui feci, iudice, digna lini.*

IN general, medical thesis's are absolute *trash*: trash in the doctrines laid down, and trash in language. I include my own in the number.—They are hastily written on the spur of necessity, and with a *flavish* deference to the doctrines of the masters we attend at the time. I have many vols. of thesis's, with scarce a dozen exceptions. Presenting them in strange places, is forestalling the public judgment, and making friends before we have proved that we deserve them. This I observe in self-justification, as, among other high crimes and misdemeanours alledged against me, it has often been insinuated, I could not be a physician regularly bred, consequently must be an impostor, because I did not send the apothecaries of Newark each a copy of my thesis. *Nihil tam prope, tam proculque.*

How superficial and illiberal the common

mon constructive opinions of the world! What had its rise from strict moral principle, a delicacy of conduct and situation, some people have imputed to me as an act of imposture. How hard is it even for innocence to pass through this world without censure!—*Quis unquam in sole ambulavit absque umbra?*—I am convinced that were *Christ* himself now upon the earth, and should cure “all manner of diseases” *without drugs*, as heretofore, he would be opposed and ill spoken of, by the pharmacopolists and their friends. When I mention that HOLY PERSONAGE, I do it with the utmost reverence, and through no medium of comparison with any mortal.—Yet still he was *mortal*. He died—and all shall die: he rose from the dead, and all shall arise.

IT is becoming an honest man, and may be of use to the world, if proper advantage be taken of the well meant communication, to observe, that my two principal convalescents in the foregoing list,

Mrs.

Mrs. G—y, and Miss L—e, were brought forward chiefly by blistering.* The first had a blister kept open, and largely discharging, *seven weeks*, upon her foot; and the latter, one on each arm for *nine*. All the universities and colleges of physicians in the world could not have saved them without *these*; and these, to the length I carried them, *they* would not have ordered; nay, would have shuddered at them, in a fit of professional ague.—Blisters likewise had a co-operative effect in recovering some other of my patients. I used few medicines, and those only the operations of which were *visible* (for medicines acting *invisibly*, is a perfect solicism, a contradiction) perhaps, all together, not exceeding forty shillings worth, *out of the chymist's*.

* The witty gentlemen behind the counter have called me the blistering doctor, in more than one place, in order, if possible, to excite the *fama clamorosa* against me: but they have been, I believe, *feelingly* disappointed.—The forest blister I ever applied will be that now burning on their professional shoulders.—Blisters have never deceived me, in a wide range of experience, neither will *this*, I am sure.

chymist's shop, where they are alone to be had genuine or to be depended upon.

I am sure, if the world is wise, and practitioners honest, that THE ART OF BLISTERING will be a new æra in physic, of more practical value to mankind, I am emboldened to say, than the Harvean discovery.* Before the true circulation of

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* The late Mr. B— of this town, would have been now, a living and memorable instance of the singular advantage of blistering, had it not been for his own imprudence. He laboured under a distemper compounded of asthma, jaundice, dropsy, and ulcerated legs. He bore for some weeks the operation of *four* blisters, and for one week *five*, with unconquerable patience. They had a daily discharge almost beyond credibility. I powerfully supported his constitution all the time with regimen and cordials. According to all appearances, about the end of six weeks, he was perfectly recovered, his body and limbs quite reduced, his asthma gone, his colour better, his appetite returned, and his strength increasing fast; insomuch that I gave over my attendance.—Unfortunately, without consulting me, his first going abroad was to his farm in the country, in an open one-horse chair.—Nor was he contented with a single visit there. He came home, dined,

the blood was known, physicians, in most cases, practised with as much success as they do now ; nor are the names of Hippocrates and Galen unfit to rank with any of modern times.—My brethren sometimes

dined, and returned to it again in the evening. Not many days after he began to complain, his bad breathing, &c. seized him. As soon as sent for I renewed my former plan, but was too late to save him.

The first stage of convalescence, or incipient recovery, is ever most liable to dangerous relapses, the constitutional balance having but just turned on the favourable side, with no preponderating weight in the scale sufficient to keep it steady. Patients are so charmed and delighted with a feel of returning health, and a prospect of getting abroad, after a long and painful confinement, that they anticipate the establishment of it, and grow impatient of medical restraint and discipline. Many fatal relapses happen in consequence of such impatience, as the force of the constitution, just recovering from a severe conflict and victory hardly won, is soon overpowered by a new enemy.—I have lost several patients in this way, after the most flattering appearances. I am not fond of being uncharitable, but it strikes me that, when a sense of immediate danger subsides, and hope looks forward to perfect recovery, the more deeply seated disease of the mind begins to discover

times order blisters, but in such a manner as to do more harm than good. They are suffered to dry up too soon, therefore, always do harm. *They raise a combustion which they are not permitted to quiet.**

BLISTERS should be made perpetual, while the cause which first required them exists in force. Causes requiring blisters are innumerable, but commonly trifled

discover itself—*the love of property*.—To save a guinea, the half recovered patient improvidently dismisses his physician, trusts to the cook and the nurse, saves his guinea and—dies. I mean this merely as a general remark, but wish I had it not to make.

* Blisters seldom or never do good till they begin to digest and suppurate; *matter* or *rot*, is the common phrase. This generally begins on the fifth or sixth day from their first application. In consequence of this, every sort of foul humour oppressing the constitution and vitiating the juices, has time to reach the artificial sore, and begins gradually to come away in the form of *pus*. I have often seen the erysipelas, scurvy, common phlegmons, the substance of wens and old bad conditioned ulcers, pass off by that inodorous, and, in all cases, one-like discharge, except when bloody sanies appears, which
is

trifled with through the medium of nostrums or nervous medicines. All disorders to which doctors cannot give a name (they abound beyond number every where) are to be cured or relieved by blisters.— Every other prescription, except those that support the constitution (in many cases the better doctor of the two) and evacuate the bile and other *detenta* of the bowels, is impertinent and impotent, if not actively mischievous ; particularly in nervous, hypochondriac and hysterical disorders, which in their progress and consequences, if not checked, are connected with the *dead palsy*, sooner or later. In such cases, alterative medicines miserably
cheat

is the last stage of corruption in the living body, and were it pretty general, instead of being local, would unquestionably destroy the patient. The assimilation of most acrid humours, how ever various, with that smell-less, homogenous discharge from blisters (some time continued) called *pus*, though a new doctrine, will be found, I take upon me to say, an important one in physic, and will account for several appearances otherwise inexplicable. It shall be considered more in detail in a future publication.

cheat the poor patient, both in constitution and pocket; while the lancet—that *instrumentum lethale*—often powerfully assists the predominant symptoms to increase the lingering miseries of life, or the sudden triumphs of Death.

T H E R E are disorders, however, notwithstanding the intrinsic excellence and advantage of the BLISTERING, EVACUATING, SUSTAINING plan recommended, which will baffle all but divine skill and power. Those of the scrofulous kind, insane, highly putrid or bilious, gangrenous, carcinomatous, spasmodic, convulsive, often deride the highest attainments of medical knowledge, and most assiduous attention to their progress and symptoms. These, especially the convulsive, including the periods of infancy, destroy more than any we are acquainted with. Most other bodily complaints, except old age, are either curable or relievable by art. A cure for old age and death would bring the Indies into a man's pocket; for tho' mankind,

mankind, in general, are so degraded in principle, sentiment and sublime ambition, as easily to relinquish the prospect of immortality in another world, yet all, I am persuaded, would wish to be immortal in this, were it possible, wretched as it is, and imperfect the happiness its very best enjoyments amount to.

THE seat of the above disorders is either in the general vitiated mass of the animal juices, or deep in the interior recesses of the glandular and nervous systems, beyond the reach of external or internal stimulus and revulsion, and exquisitely affecting some primary, vital organ. Blistering,* and supporting mean time the powers

* It is repeatedly mentioned in conversation, that blistering was *known* in Newark long before Dr. Stevenson came there. True, so were the ten commandments. But what avails a knowledge of them, if they are not *kept*? (So far from being kept, the LOVE OF MONEY transgresses them every day.)—To be acquainted with the art of blistering, without practising it, is the same as ignorance. Nay it is worse

powers of the constitution, failing in these cases, all possible to be done *has* been done; nothing *further* is within the resources of *rational* prescription, though far within the *confident assurances* of ignorance and rashness.

IT remains to observe, that if my professional brethren in Newark, or elsewhere, are to be more successful in curing diseases, than hitherto they have incontrovertibly been, or in future can be, it must be by adopting *my plan*, and abandoning the old absurd beaten track of prescription. Should they have adroitness enough to adopt it, notwithstanding they may not have

worse than ignorance.—Knowledge unreduced to practice, is knowledge wilfully and deliberately *perverted*, prostituted to the indolence of an elbow-chair.—But, notwithstanding all such insinuations, the assertion is true, that no practitioner, either ancient or modern, has carried blistering to the extent I have done, or with the success which has uniformly attended it. My laurels, therefore, (pride becomes a man on some occasions) are not to be blasted by the blighting breath of jaundiced obloquy,
or

have the magnanimity to acknowledge the adoption, success, I have no doubt, will crown their practice, and business increase with their unexpected and unaccustomed success. They may not sell, indeed, so much bark, valerian, camphire, musk, castor, and a long etcætera of *officinal insignificants*; but they will well deserve to be requited for their attendance, which, at the end of the year, from a grateful public, undisgusted with drugs (a punishment

or malignant misrepresentation.—I am astonished the longer I live, at the folly, weakness and credulous tameness of the world.—The world, according to the received chronology, is near six thousand years old. But what are its attainments in common sense and common reflection? None, beyond what the *first couple* possessed, when they forfeited their innocence for a paltry apple. If the race of man improves not in consequence of the world growing older, what better is it than the race of asses or tortoises, the most stupid of all animals?—But, confining the remark to the medical line, are physicians, surgeons or apothecaries, employed—*because* they are men of superior virtue and abilities?—No! but *because* we do not chuse to offend them; *because* they are our old acquaintances, our relations, our customers, our flatterers, &c. Thus is *life*, and its chief blessing, *health*, sported and trifled with.

ment in my estimation, beyond that of the *Justitia bulk*) may make matters tolerably even. But they should be entirely confined to enquiries into the *nurse's* punctuality in observing the directions she may have got, relative to the administration of medicines, and relieving the sick-bed with those tender assiduities, and soothing accommodations, which it peculiarly and religiously requires.—Nothing else is their duty to do, except faithfully to report to the physician, the result of these enquiries. The knowledge of the pulse, the water, the tongue, the eyes, &c. as the disorder advances or recedes, should be referred entirely to *him*, as requiring the greatest abilities and the nicest attention.—But, in the restricted sense, a candid, disinterested apothecary (where is he to be found?) may be of considerable use, both to the physician and the families where they may be jointly employed, and should seem justly entitled to pecuniary compensation, according to circumstances, for his time and trouble. But he is not to dictate or

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prescribe,

prescribe, with confidence without experience, and effrontery destitute of sagacity and knowlege.—Were there *less* vanity, and *more* diffidence, among practitioners in phyfic, the Paradisiacal adage would be *almost* reversed, *viz.* “dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.”

IN this place it may not be improper to take notice, that apothecaries *first* taking the care of disorders, most presumptuously, when sent for, is one principal cause of our annually swollen bills of mortality.—Since people are so inconsiderate as to employ them at that momentous period, how wisely would the legislature act, by totally interdicting them to practice, unless when under the direction of a physician, or executing his orders!

A P P E N D I X.

A P P E N D I X.

SINCE writing the foregoing sheets, I have been told of *five* other cases, additional to those already recited, in which professional ingenuity has found something unfavourable to me. As I never mix with the gossiping ranks of life, (though the most secret, yet the most pernicious social meetings we have) *stories* are a long time in reaching my ear. This accounts for my not placing them among their fellows. *Alter et eadem.*

C A S E F O U R T H.

THAT of the late Mr. B—ne. He sent for me in the most distressed condition imaginable. I found all the natural passages in a state of obstruction; his appetite gone; his breathing bad; oppression

oppression about the heart great ; his body swelled and hard ; considerable pain near the renal and hepatic region, encircling and tightening him, as he expressed it, *like a belt* ; with a sense of general lassitude and incapacity to move. His pulse was no otherwise affected than by being sluggish and oppressed ; he had no thirst ; his tongue was moist and clean ; but he had bad nights, and consequently unrefreshed, disagreeable mornings. The powers of his constitution unable to make a push, any critical effort either external or internal, my business was immediately to assist it. I blistered his feet, and effectually forced the passages both by urine and stool. Every thing went on to my wishes, and in about a week subsequent to my first visit, I took a professional leave of my patient. I paid him, however, two friendly visits after. One foot and ankle were considerably swelled and inflamed at that time, evidently with gouty matter, but his blister continued to discharge with occasional applications of the epispastic ointment, which,

which, persevered in a week or two longer, would have completed his recovery. The last words I said to him were these; Mr. B—ne, *your life depends on the running of the blister*. In other respects he was well. About three weeks after I was sent for to see him. All his upper complaints were returned, with a quick, small, uncertain pulse. I had nothing to do, in so hopeless a case, but to endeavour a second revulsion to the extremities. The blister did not rise, and his pulse beat not less than 150 in a minute. I then declared his fate approaching. He died two days after.—Poor man! notwithstanding my last words to him, and his promise to act accordingly, he suffered the discharge, by his blister, to dry up (a fatal circumstance in most cases, before the sore has had time to perform its duty) upon which he gradually grew worse, and did not send for me till—*actum erat*. Mr. B—ne might have been now alive, had not his impatience of pain exceeded his resolution to bear it; instances of which I have frequently seen,

attended

attended with like consequences.—*His friends* are satisfied with my conduct, *my enemies* are not ; but—*Magna est veritas et prævalebit.*

C A S E F I F T H.

THAT of the late Miss W—d, near Newark. I have been represented as refusing to go at an early hour to see her. It will be sufficient to say, that the messenger must have mistaken my answer in the hurry he was in. I told him I should set off as soon as I could get ready for the road. It was about the latter end of May, at or near three o'clock in the morning, quite light, when he came. I set off accordingly, but, not being acquainted with the country, I lost my way, and about three-quarters of an hour in time. This is the simple fact, which, taken up in a wrong light, has given offence where none was intended. Indeed it was impossible to intend offence to a family I was an utter

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ter stranger to, beside the circumstance of its directly flying in the face of my interest and future prospects.—I was, however, time enough at the place of my destination to be—useless, unless 'by pronouncing the young Lady's doom. Every one about her, I found, were mistaken with regard to her real situation. They all esteemed it a fit only, like some she had had before, or the effect of laudanum administered.—But her case was a *dying one*, owing to a mortification begun at that time in the gall-bladder, biliary ducts, and, probably, in the substance of the liver itself. She had been subject to the agonies of gall-stones, for some years before. Some large stone or stones must have stopt in the passages previous to my seeing her, and brought on so great an inflammation or laceration of the parts, as could not but have ended in a gangrene.

H E R senses were totally gone when I saw her ; her eyes were fixt and dim ; she was speechless and motionless ; there was

no distinct pulsation of the arteries, but a sort of tremulous throbbing, too quick to be counted; while the cold dew of death had settled all over her.—Poor young Lady! Her *dying state* began several hours before I saw her, when turning to a clock she had frequently looked at by way of amusement and passing the hours of her distress, she observed to those about her, “*my eyes grow dark, I cannot see the hand of the clock go.*”

C A S E S I X T H.

THAT of the late Mr. J. N—l. It was a low nervous fever, but had been quite neglected for *six days* before I was called in, his *whole* support during that time, except now and then a dish of coffee, having been *cold water*. This fever if not rightly treated, at first, almost constantly proves fatal.—Appearances were so retrograde and slow, that I began nearly to despair of being able to raise his fever to a proper

proper type, especially as his constitution, which was to contend with it, I found had always been weakly and poor. However, by taking, nearly for his constant drink, rum and water, wine and water, wine whey, and nourishing spoon articles, together with the powerful operation of *four blisters*, one on each arm, and one on each foot, upon the *thirteenth* day of the disease, and *seventh* of my attendance, the fever gently gave way: soft, generous perspirations, and lightness of feel all over, except from the blisters, which now began to be *sensibly* felt (a happy indication in such fevers) and more copiously to discharge; a turbid deposit in his urine; a moister tongue; inclination for sleep, &c. were the pleasing appearances that succeeded. Things, in short, were in so promising a train, that I intimated to the family my visits were no longer necessary; at the same time, requesting his *wife* and *mother* to give me immediate notice if any alteration happened, to require my farther attendance. I took my leave accordingly.

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This

This happened on a Monday. I had no message from the family afterward ; but, on the Thursday succeeding, was informed by Mr. S.—t, that a receipt had come to his shop for *my patient* Mr. N—l, WITHOUT A NAME. The reader may guess my astonishment, when it was intimated to me, that the anonymous prescription was written, and directed to be made up, by an APOTHECARY of Nottingham!!!*

THE apothecary, finding Mr. N—l grow much worse, had *another* physician called in to rectify his misconduct.—

But

* Such a procedure would be exemplarily punished in Ireland. Why does not a *British legislature* render so dangerous a practice punishable *here* likewise? Because it has been employed some years past—dishonourable and inglorious years—in the destruction, instead of the salvation of the lives of men!—As an humble preserver of human life, in wish, will and act, I am not to be called severe. One of the *divine commands* is, “thou shalt not kill;” and our Saviour’s commission runs thus, “I came not to destroy men’s lives, but to save them.” Which then of the two fulfil the divine commands; wise, rational, successful physicians; or ambitious, vindictive, sanguinary kings?

But the unfortunate patient was irrecoverably lost. Dr. S—r prescribed for him to no purpose. During the whole time I heard not a syllable from the family. Yet, notwithstanding the ill usage I have received, I freely forgive all concerned, and sincerely sympathize with a distressed wife and children, deprived of a sober and industrious head!—That he might not ultimately have recovered under my care, was possible, though contrary, I must say, to all *criteria* of judging when I left him; yet, how will *the apothecary* (his name I know not) acquit himself to his conscience, or to his God, for taking upon him the moral responsibility of a man's life?—Dying in my hands, or those of another regular bred physician, surviving friends would have had *royal* and *academical* authority to take it for granted that every thing possible, or rational, had been done for him: but, in the present case, who will or can certify for the apothecary?—Let apothecaries in general think religiously of this matter.

THIS

THIS daring practice, flying in the face both of divine and human laws, must be knocked in the head, else no individual, no family is safe from the deeds of professional vanity and indiscretion. I say, the practice, too common, of apothecaries taking upon them to act as physicians, must either come under general discountenance, or the people run the risk of living but half their time, with the *consolation* of REWARDING the instruments of the fatal abbreviation. Let every reader weigh seriously the alternative !

BUT good shall come out of evil. The chief contents of the *apothecary's prescription* shall be analyzed. It is a confused jumble of useless drugs, and barbarous abbreviated Latin. The public, however, are indebted to it, as two celebrated officinals, which form its capital powers, shall have *justice* done them, in consequence of it.—I shall not comment on an order it contains for a plaster unknown to the shops. I wish not to be severer than the nature of self-defence,

self-defence, and lawful retaliation, should seem to authorize me.

THE first is MUSK. This renowned drug I aver, from many years uniform experience, is as efficaciously applied to the nostrils, as when taken into the stomach, in all diseases at present known. From early deference for the schools, I was often induced to try it in a variety of cases, variously made up, but with constant disappointment. I have generally laid it aside for many years, to moulder and rot with the common trash of the shops. It spends its *virtues* as a perfume merely, and a disagreeable one too, on the olfactory nerves. Are the coats of the stomach, or the lacteal absorbents, olfactory nerves? One might think so from the expectation generally entertained of musk acting, when taken into the stomach, as a comforter of the nerves, a cordial and alexipharmic.—But all its *virtues* are returned in highly offensive eructations, while the indissoluble earthy parts are carried downwards.

IN

IN the estimation of its powers I am an *unbribed*, decisive judge : those who are assisted in making fortunes by the sale of musk, *are not*. What *merchant* will disparage his goods, nay, will not puff them off as the very best any where to be bought ? And what are *apothecaries* but merchants ? Happy for the community were they considered as nothing else, instead of being the swagging professional man-slayers of their species.—I allow the musk *julep* is good, in some reduced lingering fevers ; but it is not the musk which has the good effects, but the *spiritus volatilis oliosus*, which forms a part of it in its best preparation. This ingredient renders the Edinburgh form preferable to the London.—Had I not read Dr. Stork's book on the virtues of *Hemlock*, none of which have ever been certainly realized in Britain, I should be astonished at Dr. Wall's paper, in the philosophical transactions, on the wonderful effects of *musk*, the most insignificant of all officinal *nostrums*.—Writers treat a favourite *specific* as parents are wont

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to treat a favourite child, see virtues and excellencies in it, unknown to all the world beside, and which only exist in the father's or mother's too fond imagination.

THE second *proud* article in the DOCTOR'S receipt, is the *confectio cardiaca*, or cordial confection.—What is this boasted *preserve*, which the faculty are for ever extolling and prescribing, merely from a superstitious reliance on the committee of the royal college of physicians, who presume to dictate in medicine, indeed I may say *legislate*, but with no more *right* than they have to ascertain the size of our shoe, the cut of our cloaths, or the trim of our hats?—It is a compound of what I would call a *solid* and *fluid dram*; proof spirit, and a few spices and herbs, with the absurd addition of crabs claws powdered.—These jumbled together into a mass, S A, like the chaos of old, separate into two parts, the thick and the thin, every day losing their strength and virtue, by lying by. In this learned composition, many of
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the ingredients are totally insignificant, on account of the exceeding small proportion they bear in the largest dose of the confection ever given, such as rosemary tops, juniper berries, cardamom seeds, zedoary and saffron, which may be taken to *forty times* the quantity without any observable effect in any disorder I know ; and as to the spices, cinnamon, nutmegs, &c. they are mere domestic, culinary articles, well known to every good housewife in England. In short, brandy or wine and water drinks, with grated nutmeg, are in every respect equal to the elaborate electuary.

IN one respect the latter cordial (for both only act as such) has the advantage of the former. It is always at hand, and may be administered at the instant : whereas, in numberless instances, families are often under the necessity of sending many miles off for the first, which may occasion delays, if cordials are immediately necessary, of a dangerous nature. The writer never makes use of the *pompous compound*,
which

which in draughts is always inelegant, and falls to the bottom, and in bolus can never be taken without extreme disgust; but, in its stead, prescribes *home cordials*, which are ever more grateful to the patient's palate, as well as more certain in their effects. Physicians are startled at the exhibition of domestic spirits, however diluted, with the timidity of old women, but scruple not to prescribe *apothecary's drams* in abundance. How absurd, how painful to see a poor creature on a sick-bed languish for hours together, in lowness and languors, waiting for a *prescribed cordial*, only procurable, perhaps, at a great distance, beside being inferior in simplicity and virtue to many which our *cellars* afford*

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C A S E

* The college of physicians would seem no less superstitiously attached to the articles of their pharmacopœias, than Papists are to Rites and Ceremonies. The members, at their meetings, take upon them to settle and specify the terms of recovery and health for the body, with no less supreme confidence and dogmatism, than Roman Catholics (I wish I could not say *Protestant Bishops*!) to settle and specify the terms of salvation for the soul. The best chance

CASE SEVENTH.

THAT of the above patient's son, who was carried off in convulsions, owing to worms, as he complained for many days of severe pains in his stomach and bowels. They arose from no inflammatory cause, as he had not any unusual quickness of pulse, or thirst. I did what was possible to force the intestinal passage, by

chance, in my opinion, and it has not been hastily formed, either for the *health* of the one, or *salvation* of the other, lies without the pale of both.—COMMON SENSE, if liberally educated, and perfectly *disinterested* in principle, though a member of no royal college, royal society, or priesthood, is superior to them all.—To confine myself to the first. What authority have royal colleges to modify pharmacopœias and prescribe formularies for their brethren? That of Kings! Strange! Are Kings physicians? Happy for the public were they *good ones*, instead of being at the head of the destruction of mankind.—The members of such colleges have been mere equivocal beings, drones in the hive of physic; while those they denominate *quacks*, have been the industrious

by strong drastic medicines, and glysters; in order to detach and carry off the *vermiculæ*, which, from every appearance, I had no doubt had fastened on the coats of the intestines, and penetrated them, for want of their accustomed nourishment, as
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industrious bees, loading the cells with honey; that is, have found out medicines of the most capital virtues, and the support, in short, of prescription, such as our best antimonials and mercurials, and some of our most excellent tinctures; insomuch that the college overcome (I dare say reluctantly) by the fame of their extraordinary success, has adopted them, and thus for once done good to mankind.—Something similar happens respecting the clergy, who may be said to be royal colleges *sui generis*.—Having, aided by the civil power, locked up knowledge and improvement exactly in *three* Creeds and *thirty-nine* Articles, (the ubiquity and splendor of the sun enclosed in forty-two nut-shells) they have been beholden to laymen and dissenters (*quacks* in divinity) for the finest criticisms and commentaries on the Scriptures, which, in point of elucidation and illustration, render them consistent with themselves and worthy the excellent writers. Indeed, no clergyman, taking upon him the obligations of an establishment, can *dare* to pass a certain line, even suppose *truth*, in all the amiable simplicity and energy of demonstration, should solicit his approach not an hair's breadth from that line.

he ate scarce any thing for several days.— It could be done but very partially by glysters, as the boy could neither be *tempted* or *forced* to take medicines in sufficient quantity. He, however, passed one worm, which served to characterize his disorder. In his remission from pain, he was generally stupid and lethargic, for which I blistered him, but with no effect. I left him in this state, and, upon my return next day, found him violently convulsed, with a pulse inconceivably quick and small, and, therefore, I pronounced him—*gone*. A day or two before he died, one of his hands, with the nails, turned quite black, his mother informed me.—This indicated the utmost depravation of the juices, and general tendency to a putrid dissolution, of which I had seen three or four instances before, in bad worm cases. Such cases will always be found beyond medical relief. When worms are early suspected to habitate in the intestines, they are always successfully to be managed by powerful bitter purges and proper diet.

C A S E

CASE EIGHTH.

THAT of Mr. L—x, of a corpulent paralytic habit. I found him greatly oppressed, and incapable of the natural discharges; the abdomen prodigiously swelled and hard; his pulse quick and unequal; his breathing laborious; his tongue rough and dry; and a general uneasiness all over him, accompanied with total weakness. The most alarming symptom was a stoppage of water. No time was to be lost. I ordered him a strong diuretic mixture, had him blistered, and left directions for glysters to be thrown up repeatedly, till he should be relieved in his bowels. Next day his son came to me with the pleasing account that his father had made large quantities of water, had had several stools, enjoyed upon the whole a good appetite, and seemed much lightened and refreshed, when he left him. *I was not desired to visit him, but gave directions*

tions what should be done. He continued better for two or three days.

ON the fifth day from my first seeing him, his son called upon me a third time, telling me his father was grown worse, and requested me to visit him again.—I went, and found all his bad symptoms returned, attended with *convulsive hiccups*, and great restlessness. I ordered the musk and camphire juleps, to be taken at proper intervals, merely to please his friends, having no confidence in either myself. I begged of them strictly to follow my former directions, to keep the blister open, and constantly to give him supporting drinks. Upon taking leave, Mrs. L—x asked me if I could do no more for her husband, and talked of a *camphire plaster*, a composition unknown to the Dispensatory.—It is looked upon, I believe, as a kind of emulet or charm. I told her nothing farther could be done for Mr, L—x, in his *then* situation, and that to multiply medicines, without a change or aggravation of symptoms

to

to authorize them, would be useless and cruel. I was more explicit when I got down stairs, and intimated to his brother that I had no hopes of his recovery, if the present method failed, adding that more visits from me would be as unnecessary as expensive, unless some sudden favourable change should happen, of which I expected to be apprized.—I spoke from direct knowledge at the time, from as accurate a balancing of the good and bad symptoms, as appeared to me possible. In such cases, I deem it *dishonest* and *ungenerous* to put families or individuals to expence, unless when *they insist upon it*. But there was no injunction of the kind laid upon me at my departure, and, consequently, I considered myself as only bound to act in future according to the intimations I should occasionally receive from the family. My patient's brother seemed perfectly satisfied with the explicitness and candour of my conduct, and I took my leave, *without being professionally dismissed*.

IN consequence of my still considering myself as the attendant physician, I next day impatiently expected young Mr. L—x to call upon me, as he had regularly done for some days before. But I was disappointed: *no message whatever came from the family*, nor had I time for particular enquiries, being busily employed in other parts of the country. The first thing I heard in a day or two was, that another person, a recent graduate from Edinburgh, but latterly from Nottingham, had the care of MY patient. I was the less hurt and surpris'd on this occasion, as I had been before similarly *ill used* in two cases, those of Mr. B—k, and Mr. N.—l. I am not informed in what change of symptoms Dr. B— found *my* patient, or what method he instituted in lieu of, or supplementary to *mine*. These I require no information about, fully satisfied, if my plan fails in *any* case, the *stimulating, evacuating* and *sustaining*, “ACTUM EST DE ÆGRO;” grey-headed experience, as well as professional nonage, will be alike impotent

to.

to go farther.—As to nostrums, alteratives, and specifics, such as *bark, musk, camphire, valerian, &c.* they may snatch away the honour of a cure in some particular instances among nurses, and conciliate vulgar approbation, which delights in occult, wonder-working medicines; but without truth or merit.—In such cases, I am not to be made unhappy, as my satisfactions shall never depend upon *common opinions*, which are almost ever formed without judgment, and always with precipitancy. Beside, I will be allowed to say, my views are so perfectly disinterested, and my mind cast in so large a philosophical mould, that I shall always be highly gratified with the restoration of a valuable life to his family, and to society, whoever be allowed to carry off the eclat of the restoration. The eclat of restoration is generally an *assumed* one: five cases out of seven, I am verily persuaded, in which recoveries happen, are to be attributed to the powers of the constitution conquering both the disease and the doctor; I mean

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when he acts on the *assumpta* and bigotry of the schools. A principle of this kind, in the pleasure it gives, is far beyond professional renown, or narrow self-complacency.*

C A S E N I N T H.

THE imperfection of medical skill, the restricted boundaries of nosological knowledge, joined with the most assiduous, and, let me be permitted to add, honest

* This venerable old gentleman has been restored to his family and his friends—whether through the medium of his own constitution, his prior or latter doctor, in the eye of philanthropy and philosophical disinterestedness, it matters not : HE IS RESTORED.—He called upon me lately, and behaved with that openness characteristic of an honest Englishman.—He told me the change of his physician was as much without his knowledge at the time, as it would have been contrary to his inclination, had he had sufficient recollection to have made a choice.—But there is a medical faction in Newark which would run the eventual risk of a thousand lives being lost, rather than give up the exorbitant emoluments of their trade.

honest clinical experience, I have sincerely to deplore, in a recent instance, the last Case (and may it be the *last*!) misrepresented by the rude tongue of slander.

THE late Mr. S—gg—g came under my care on the *fourth day* of a bilious, putrid, lethargic fever. I found him heavy, oppressed and sickish, with an atrabilarious look; his pulse quick, small, and

trade.—I am sorry to find a physician, regularly bred at a royal college, countenance and join this faction, who, by *using him*, only act to promote their *own* interests. So far from the procedure being out of regard to *him*, it is out of mercenary regard to *themselves*, and resentful opposition to me. If he means continuing to countenance and join them, he is hereby called upon to *publish* a justification of their conduct, and a defence of their principles of practice. If after this public call, Dr. B—k remains silent by the press, I must consider him as embarked in the same cause with *them*, the unjustifiable cause of making money, and tampering with the lives of mankind. I, however, wish it *not to be so*.—By giving uniform proofs of medical skill, and by steady propriety of behaviour, he cannot fail of business. As a scholar and graduate, he, doubtless, must be qualified to write well.—He has then, of course, no alternative, but
either

and loaded ; his tongue thickly furred and dry, with universal languor, lassitude and drowsy insensibility.—I gave him two antimonial pukes, had him blistered, and endeavoured, by every means practicable, to procure a free passage of his bowels, which I found were obstinately obstructed. The emetics brought up much thick pure bile ; the blisters rose happily and discharged ; and the intestinal canal was moderately opened, but never independent of injections of the most forcing kind.—Opening medicines, however powerful, never appeared to pass freely downward. He made large quantities of water, to the
last

either to abandon, or to defend the *apothecaries*.—As he appears to be an inoffensive, well behaved young man, I respect him ; but with the utmost exertion of his abilities on the subject : he shall be replied to with candor. The matter is *serious*, and shall not be allowed to drop, as the *world* are concerned in the controversy, and not Dr. B—k or I individually. We are *blanks* in creation, unconnected with a public cause, that is, the cause of humanity. If his and my principles are the same, it is impossible but we should meet as friends on the same professional ground : if not—but I will not suppose it.

last highly saturated with bile. Indeed, his whole system of juices seemed impregnated, in a surprising manner, with that *excrementitious* secretion,* inasmuch that the serous discharge from his blisters contained so much of it as to tinge every thing it touched with a deep yellow.

THE type of his fever was thus apparent; but it had some uncommon characteristics beside; such as paralytic agitations and tremours, constant hoarseness, indistinctness of speech, unconsciousness of his situation, (his uniform reply to enquiries

* I call it *excrementitious*, contrary to the opinion of all anatomists and physiologists. These consider the bile as necessary to the comminution and assimilation of the food, in order to prepare it for admittance into the lacteals. But nothing can be more mistaken. The liver is an emunctory merely, to depurate the blood of that fluid we call *bile*, which by being re-absorbed into the mass of blood, accumulated in its emissary ducts and channels, the passages from the liver to the duodenum, (*that* into the stomach is not *natural*) or in the intestinal convolutions, gives rise to half the disorders we are acquainted

quiries being, “very well, I thank you, pretty well, I thank you,” although getting manifestly worse every question asked him) and difficulty of swallowing. The cause of this symptom, however, and the raucity, appeared afterwards. With great struggle, and not without *manual* assistance, he got rid of two flesh-like excrescences, about the size of a common oyster, glutinous, inodorous, and hard to separate. More of these unusual adherences were, it is presumable, left behind, investing the œsophagus and trachea, probably

acquainted with. What! shall a liquor absolutely necessary to chylification and sanguification offend *in quantity*? Strange doctrine! Yet it is the doctrine of the schools to this day. Does the saliva, the succus gastricus, or the pancreatic juice, offend in this way? Yet what the bile is erroneously supposed to be, *they really are*, immediately subservient to the important purpose of the food being turned into pure and sound blood.—But this capital error, pervading the whole system of physic, and universally leading physicians and surgeons astray, makes the subject of a dissertation by itself, which I intend to publish in due time, if my life and health are spared. It will be found connected with several important collateral topics, hitherto disguised or slighted.

bably, as he continued to be hoarse and obstructed in swallowing to the last, tho', for a short time, relieved by the extraction of the fleshy protuberances above mentioned.

NOTWITHSTANDING such variety of discouraging appearances, which, in my mind, even at first, and as I mentioned it to every anxious enquirer of my lamented patient's situation, rendered his case extremely doubtful; yet, in consequence of the external stimulus and drain kept up, and generous nourishment, of which he took a reasonable quantity, he evidently seemed to gain ground; insomuch that I allowed him to get up, and sit in his chair, which he bore, to all appearance, well.

M A T T E R S appeared so favourable, that the sending for an additional physician, which we all wished for a day or two before, was, for the moment, postponed. In the interim he was struck with the propriety of cancelling an old will,
and

and making a new one, (blessed are those who have nothing to leave but their *virtues* behind them, which can never lead men into temptation!) and was so engrossed with the idea, that he did not think of consulting me whether he could undertake the business with safety, considering the extremely critical situation he was in at the time. It was accomplished to his liking in about two hours, during which time he, more than once, almost fainted away.—I called upon him in the evening, and was surprised to find him greatly altered for the *worse*; his pulse considerably quickened, with an alarming agitation of spirits, and delirious inattention to what passed about him.

BEING informed how he had been employed, my surprise abated, but not my apprehensions of imminent danger.—I requested another physician to be sent for directly. This requisition I made to satisfy a number of solicitous friends, solicitous for the recovery of an agreeable and
useful

useful man ; not that I have any opinion of *medical consultations*, which are, in general, the reverberating echoes of dead walls. *Vox et præterea.*

Insonuere cavæ, gemitumque dedere cavernæ.

Dr. S—r of N—t—m came, accordingly, next morning. We perfectly agreed in our prognostic and mode of treatment, and took leave of each other with the full conviction that our patient's was an *hopeless case* ; nay, with such a pulse (146 in a minute) that he had a chance of not surviving till next morning.

Dr. S—r was asked, upon going away, if he thought his return would be necessary. He candidly declared it would not, and that he had the satisfaction of leaving our joint patient in good hands. These particulars accidentally met my ear after the Doctor's departure. Indeed, two professional men of honour, candour, and rational information, can never materially differ in any case.

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HAVING concluded, in consultation, that every farther assistance, from medicine, seemed precluded by the then alarming circumstances of our patient's case, except additional external stimulants, to rouse the general stupor and call forth the suspended powers of the constitution, assisted by cordial draughts, when he could swallow them ; *these* were persevered in for some days.

AT first, during their operation, he appeared to be more himself, to speak more articulately, and somewhat to swallow better ; but the other unfavourable symptoms continued the same ; his tongue hard, dry and rough ; his urine still wonderfully impregnated with bile, not kindly subsiding, but throwing a greasy sort of substance on the surface, (always a discouraging appearance in most fevers) a total unconsciousness of his condition, paralytic imbecility all over him, associated with comatose sleeps, disturbed and unrefreshing ; and his bowels obstinately impervious,

ous,

ous, but to *force*. Such an intestinal constipation never occurred to me before.

HIS blisters now began to discharge vast quantities of dark bloody sanies, without smell ; and, where the sinapisms lay, little blisters arose full of bilious serum. The putrid diathesis seemed to have got far into the system, and to have acquired powers far beyond the check of medical skill. Alas ! medical skill is not more circumscribed, in many cases, than the ardent desire and wish to make money, *by its failures*, are uncircumscribed !—The discharge by the blisters, great as it was, seemed not in the least to mitigate the general train of threatening symptoms, nor were they felt with that degree of acute sensibility which surely proves firm and unbroken stamina, and a considerable degree of active, resisting *life*.

IN this forlorn state of things—my worthy patient's constitution utterly incapable of making any effort for itself, and
every

every remedy that had been tried *almost* as impotent to assist it ; in the uncertainty of balanced hopes and fears among numerous friends (the writer indeed scarce ever dared to hope) and with the most anxious wishes to give every chance of recovery to a useful and much esteemed character, it was agreed on all hands to make a full trial of *James's Powders*, justly, I believe, celebrated for effecting cures in desperate cases. The writer has none of that mistaken and ungracious academical pride, which would despise a medicine, the powers of which have been often tried and authenticated, because it passes under the *name* of a quack medicine. Should it be the desire of patients or friends to try them, in any case, no physician *ought* to refuse it, but, on the contrary, readily acquiesce in so reasonable a request.

I procured them genuine at a chymist's shop in town, (for they are often counterfeited) I began with the refracted dose of five grains ; which having no visible effect,

effect, during an interval sufficient for the experiment, I increased it to half, and then to whole papers; but am sorry to acquaint the reader that no effect whatever was the consequence. If there shone a ray of flattering hope before, now it was clouded, while the countenance of expectation universally fell.—The coats of the stomach seemed entirely to have lost irritability and action, the want of which now evidently became general, accompanied with certain symptoms of stopt circulation in the extremities. His inability to swallow increased considerably; he seemed insensible to questions asked him; took little notice of any object; received support only by tea spoonfuls, and even that with uneasy deglutition; generally lay in one posture, with now and then paralytic startings, or *subfultus tendinum*; his voice by degrees totally failed him; his limbs and hands grew more and more cold, and his pulse imperceptible.—At length the larger circulation stopt, and *that* heart ceased beating, without pain or apparent struggle,

gle, which never did beat but with friendship and benevolence!—Two days before he died, (he died the 20th of his illness, and 16th of my attendance) an uncommon leprous eruption broke out on the top of his nose, resembling hoar frost, in whiteness and size, and spread gradually over his face and hands. It was an appearance I had never observed or read of before, and ascertained the highly vitiated and unconquerable acrimony of his juices.

IT may be asked by those who are more curious than learned, more happy to surmise *ill*, than to suppose *good*,* why the bark,

* On so serious a subject, might I mention a ludicrous circumstance, I would make the reader smile at *tea-meetings of ladies*, criticising a physician's prescriptions, deciding scientifically on the strength of his pills, powders, pukes, &c. It is not enough that he may have long since passed examinations before the Professors of a learned University, but he must stand the daily ordeal of a JURY OF MATRONS.—Were the gentle sex as *learned* at home, in a thousand useful and amiable occupations, they would do themselves intrinsic honour, instead of throwing it away on a thankless physician.

bark, in the above Case, was not *thrown in*, as the foolish phrase is. Not for the satisfaction of such inquisitive interrogists, for they deserve it not, but to satisfy a large circle of respectable friends, the question shall be briefly answered.

IN the first place, it was given to my patient before I saw him, but with no good effect. Indeed it has no good effect in any disorder, but, particularly, at its first attack. The administrators of this *profound nullity*, however, have immemorial custom and prejudice on their side. In the second, supposing the administration of this popular *nostrum* had been advisable in the progress of the disorder, my patient could not have swallowed any quantity of it to do good. And, in the third place, I never thought of ordering *the bark*, because I am an utter stranger to its virtues, after many years assiduous and solicitous trial of it. Indeed, I have always found the simple and volatile tincture of the bark do good in many cases of lowness and languors ;

guors; but, let it be carefully noted, that it is the *menstrum* alone which does the good, by warming, stimulating and invigorating the stomach, and through it the general habit. I see it daily doing harm, by loading the stomach, palling the appetite, and superceding, during its exhibition, *active* medicines whose effects are visible, and, therefore, unequivocal: I therefore consider it as a good-for-nothing, a professional charm *thrown in* to bewitch a disorder, and perfectly as impotent to cure fevers of *any* type, as the ROYAL TOUCH to cure strumous sores.

— T H U S the world lost a worthy, pleasing character; the poor a constant, generous benefactor; kindred an affectionate relation; and the writer a warm, steady friend. Mr. S—gg—g enjoyed through life one enviable singularity: *all spoke well of him, with scarce an exception.* This happy distinction he acquired by a method which will rarely fail. The method ought to be universally adopted: indeed it is only an
exemplification

exemplification of that fine Scriptural precept, (which alas ! like all the other precepts of the divine philosopher and lover of mankind, is forgot) “do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.”—He never intermeddled with the private concerns of others ; immediately suppressed every *bad report*, and propagated every *good one*. This is an universal receipt for the acquisition of character, and purchase of general esteem, and I am happy to illustrate it by a particular instance every one will recollect with pleasure, yet with regret in having lost him ; convinced my pen cannot be better employed (and every one’s pen or mouth should be employed to *do good*) than in recommending an imitation of *so amiable a singularity*.

THE too common practice of genteel life, unoccupied by virtuous cares, studies and solitudes, the cultivation of the mind, the moral discipline of the heart, and doing all the practical good possible to *neighbours and fellow creatures*, occupa-

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tions which only want a beginning to have no end.—Is, people attending Church with scrupulous punctuality, and then going on a tour of visits, to pick up scandalous chit chat, and defamatory tittle tattle, which they consolidate and convert into *serious attacks* on the most innocent and inoffensive characters.—Our Saviour assures us that, “every *idle* word which men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.” What then must be the account to be given for WICKED WORDS ! For falsehoods willingly credited, without examination, and assiduously circulated with additions, from house to house, which are meant to strike at the root of professional integrity and usefulness!—Alas ! useful persons, on the broad scale of humanity, philanthropy and disinterestedness, are but *few* ; surely these few may be suffered to do what good they can, without being disturbed or molested in a business at least harmless. When I see the old, insensibly creeping into their graves, setting so unbecoming an example,

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ple, and the young, catching it by imitation with an earnestness unknown to their devotions, I feel for the honour of human nature and moral decency, insulted (I believe not intentionally) through the misconduct of such persons.—To have done on this head, I may truly say,

I should not have published the foregoing Cases, had not a justifiable regard for my public character laid me under the necessity. It was with great reluctance I was induced to leave other studies, (peculiarly adapted to my taste and cast of thought) to comment upon cases in self-justification. I had no alternative, but either to sit down contented under a load of obloquy unprovoked and censure undeserved, or to stand boldly forth, as I have done, to vindicate myself. Those who are conscious to themselves of having brought on the disagreeable alternative by double meaning whispers, equivocal inuendos and ambiguous hints, are answerable for it at the bar of the public. At
that

that (always impartial) bar they are now arraigned : if they appear not, in support of their characters and conduct, the public will consider them as medical outlaws and literary fugitives.

A physician's usefulness is gone when reports, professionally injurious to him, are propagated and believed. He that survives his reputation, survives his better part ; and he that defends it when attacked, defends the only thing valuable in this world, and for which there is no substitute I know of.—A man may be rich ; plodding industry not checked by nice moral feeling and sentiment, will get rich any where : but riches, so far from amounting to the purchase of character, often tend, I am certain, morally to degrade and tarnish it.

A L O N G with self-defence, rendered indispensable, the medical world has a short sketch of the principles on which the writer's practice is founded. Steadily pursued,

sued, in the face of habit and prejudice, they will seldom disappoint any one but—Death aiming his arrow at the heart.—As proof unquestionable into what estimation they get, the generous reader will not be displeased to know, that even the writer's professional enemies in Newark and elsewhere, have adopted them.—If good be done, he cares not who hath done it; and if lives are saved to society, blessed are those that save them. He wishes such success, and that it may flourish on the ruins of *conceit* and *selfishness*.

Valeat quantum valere potest.

I shall conclude with requesting those who wish to have my advice, to send for me without applying to the apothecaries, who, for the most part, mismanage disorders, by reducing the strength of the constitution,* which the physician is to act upon,

* Nothing does this so fatally as venesection; yet that butchering instrument, the lancet, is still pertinaciously used.—To take away the life, the strength of the machine, in contest with disorders, is a surprising method of *subduing* them. Self-bleeding would be a proper cure for such a blunder.

upon, in consequence of prescribing loads of promiscuous drugs, without diagnostic or plan,* by which they become anamalous, obstinate and tedious. Most disorders are easily managed at the beginning; but misconceived, and put in a wrong course at first, are most difficult of cure. I wish the public, quitting for awhile their childish and frivolous amusements, would

* As a proof that I am not to be led astray from general principles even by the nearest considerations of blood, I beg leave to mention, that I have an *only brother*, a surgeon and apothecary in a considerable town in Ireland,* who is as likely to make a fortune, and as intent upon making it, I believe, as most men.—One part of his trade I hold in utter dislike, the other in great estimation. The business of a surgeon can seldom be mistaken or misapplied. It deals little in equivocal theory or uncertain speculation: to *extract, separate, incarne, unite*, &c. are its triumphs, visible to every eye, and expansive of every grateful heart. May they long be so, to the relief and comfort of distressed individuals!

But what are the triumphs of the apothecary?—A monstrous retail profit on *drugs*, that are too dearly bought by being swallowed for *nothing*, and singularly

* Belfast.

would soberly attend to this interesting circumstance, and be assured, that druggists and chymists are no less authorized, and, in general, no less qualified, than apothecaries, to judge of diseases, and institute wise modes of treatment.

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lucky in their administration, *if they do no harm.* Innocence in the operation of drugs, as commonly exhibited, is a proof of their *virtues.* But innocent or hurtful, those who sell them get opulent thereby.— Their care is—not how many of the afflicted and diseased their draughts and bolusses may have relieved—but *how much* they have pocketed of property, *how rich* they grow, in proportion to the pangs and miseries of mankind.

Farther, as a remarkable instance, how far the *habit* of retailing drugs may tend to cloud the understanding, suppress the powers of reasoning, and substract from the dignified ambition of *thinking for one's self*, I shall be excused, it is hoped, for mentioning a person *married to a near relation of the writer's.* He was bred an apothecary, and practised as such for many years; but, in the unaccountable rotation of blind, indiscriminating incident, he now possesses in England, on one of its most delicious spots, the banks of the Thames, an estate of 2000l. per annum. His wife (an excellent woman!—the reader will permit me to say so) has often been afflicted with bilious cholics, in general, excessively violent,

THE people by coming to the physician at once, *without asking the apothecary's leave*, will find it turn to the advantage not only of their constitutions, but purses ; and, as few drugs will be wanted in this way, (few indeed ! not more than eight

violent, and not less often mistaken for hysterical or nervous affections ; words no more understood than the absurdest and most occult of Aristotle's or Athanasius's idle and ridiculous speculations.—To relieve these, *his* usual custom was to administer opiates, and medicines under the denomination of nervous and hysterical. Repetitions of these dangerous sedatives or useless palliatives so increased and inveterated her complaints, that *he* was obliged to apply to almost every physician he met with, at London, Bath, Bristol, Cheltenham, &c. where he happened to take her, to rectify his own mismanagement.—Powerful evacuants of the *bile* were all the Lady required, with generous support, during their operation, and a regulated diet ; but instead of these, *he* poured in his narcotics and alteratives, to the too apparent injury of her constitution and health.—O Fortune ! what is thy value, if not the means of enlightening the understanding ; increasing our stock of knowledge ; expanding the heart ; conquering our *narrow* prejudices, our *dirty* passions and *slavish* habits ; rendering us more extensively useful to mankind, our brothers and sisters on the large scale, and more mentally delighted with ourselves !

eight articles variously combined) let the apothecaries raise the price of those that may, if agreeable to patients. People, in general, I am convinced, would rather pay in quadruple proportion for a *few* drugs, than have a multiplicity on the most moderate terms, with the distressing condition annexed of, *swallowing them*.*

As to day-labourers, and the poor in general, (the family of God) they are all welcome to my advice, and to medicines, as they cannot afford to purchase them: many have already come and been reco-

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* “Have you *followed* my advice,” said a physician to a spirited patient. “No,” replied the latter, “if I had, I should have broke my neck, for I ordered your draughts and bolusses to be thrown out of the two pair of stairs window.”—Were every patient as laconicly determined, physicians would be reduced to that mediocrity of demeanour and authority which becomes them. But they are so learnedly recondite within their systems, and assume such stiff, demure solemnity, that people, in general, have an impression of their consequence as if they had a commission from Heaven for healing diseases, instead of a simple *deploma* from a college; a college arbitrarily wedded to unexamined systems, ancient documents, and axioms implicitly believed at *second hand*.

vered or considerably relieved.—Since writing the above, their numbers have increased greatly. May they increase to the relief of suffering indigence and humanity!

How cruel and disgraceful the common practice of my *brethren*, not to attend the poor, whatever alas! may be their maladies or afflictions, unless the parishes to which they belong become responsible for payment!—If God is to have mercy upon their souls according to the mercy they shew, what will be their fate!—Fortunes, made in this way, will one day or other be a *curse* to the possessor: neither can I think such persons can die with any just foundation of hope for future happiness, except they make restitution in their life, by refunding the sums of money they may have acquired in so covetous, so unchristian a manner.

THE Samaritan, when he pitied and humanely bound up the wounded traveller's sores, so far from being rewarded for it,

it, added to the great and generous act, by leaving money behind him for the future accommodation of the poor sufferer. How unlike our apothecaries and mercenary physicians !—And what is the precept annexed to the feeling narrative ? It is this, and, reader, whoever thou art, it is addressed to thee, and to every man—“ GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.”—This precept, illustrated by so happy a parable, I have no doubt, is as obligatory upon all as, “ thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal.”—As a part of the commission given to the Apostles, by their divine Master, this is mentioned, “ to heal all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease ;” with this god-like injunction superadded, “ *freely you have received, freely give.*”—Whoever, therefore, at this day, gives health to those who want it, on generous, disinterested terms, and with the fewest drugs, HAS A COMMISSION FROM HEAVEN.

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

AS the subject of the following letter, through the accustomed medium of misrepresentation, will most probably be *whispered* about to the writer's disadvantage, as many other things have industriously been, it forms a Postscript for the candid reader's information. Indeed the subject belongs to the world, and is not a private matter between a particular family and him.—Anticipation of *wrong* is the surest security of *right*.—He has no object but truth, and to stand fair in the eyes of those who love it.—It has few deviations from the original, which was sent. The letter has no *initials*, as those more particularly interested require none.—It likewise contains useful hints of professional information, and, therefore, properly succeeds the foregoing Cases.—Lastly, it will serve to arrest, in future, it is hoped, the bloody hands of our PHLEBOTOMISTS,

BOTOMISTS, whose deeds of daring are coloured over to families and individuals, upon the most erroneous maxims and absurdest principles.

Nemo diu gaudet qui judice vincit iniquo.

IF these blood-thirsty men would practice on *themselves*, first—*let out* their pride and ignorance, before they practise on the public, *who never offended them*—we should have a medical *revolution*, I think, highly important and beneficial to mankind, in a very short time.*

S I R,

* How assuming the apothecaries, and how unaccountably submissive the people! I shall confine myself at present to Mr. Milnes. He (I hope for good to mankind—without his intending it) first gave rise to this publication. More than one person, I am told, *getting worse in his hands*, expressed a desire to have me. “Then says *the apothecary*, if Dr. S. is called in, I *will* no longer attend.” Well remonstrated Mr. Milnes! you make an object of choice what, in such a case, would be an object of necessity; for, sir, you well know I would not *permit* you to attend. Having once found you deceitful and treacherous, I will take care you shall not have the *guilt* on your head of a second opportunity to be so.

But,

S I R,

I A M disagreeably obliged to inform you, *why* I have discontinued any longer to attend Mrs. —. My further attendance

But, to speak in general, nothing can be more preposterous than apothecaries attending along with physicians. The attendance of the latter, as soon as it commences, entirely supercedes that of the former. The apothecary, strictly speaking, has nothing to do but keep behind his counter or within immediate call, to execute the commands of the physician. Gadding about from house to house, on medical examinations and enquiries, or riding through the country as a physician, (every one who takes upon him to *prescribe*, acts as a physician and assumes his responsibility) is his just reproach, not his office. I consider him here simply as a drug-seller: as a surgeon, if acquainted with his business, he is one of the most useful members of society, and cannot but be of essential service to the country.

For the time, however, Mr. Milnes and his brethren have wonderfully reformed, by adopting my practice, tho' still with reluctance and awkwardness. The former still brandishes his unhallowed lancet, and thrusts it into the life of man; then to obviate the fatal effects, gives brandy and water, and orders blisters.—Absurd and preposterous conduct! Yet,

Quid talpam? num desiderare lumen putas?

tendance I found would be inconsistent with my own feelings, which I shall always hold sacred, as well as with the honour of the profession I publicly support. Indeed, out of regard to you and your family, who always hitherto treated me well, I endeavoured to suppress, for several days, what I felt and thought on account of the extremely awkward situation I was reduced to, *that of seeing my patient treated according to the prescriptions of another.* And who was that other? Mr. Bland, an APOTHECARY in Newark.

I cannot persuade myself, from your frequent warmly expressed partiality for me (a flattering disposition which seemed to run through all your family) that you mean joining my *willing* enemies in Newark. Should I, however, find myself unhappily disappointed in this particular, the event shall only serve to rouse me to double exertions in defending my own character in conjunction with the independence and dignity of physic.

FROM

FROM the beginning of my attendance, I proposed *cordials* for Mrs. — from my best judgment, to obviate the excessive weakness and lowness brought on by the frequent blood-lettings she underwent; but you all exclaimed against them (I refer you, sir, to your own recollection) in a most particular manner: yet, in consequence of a *third* use of the fatal lancet, in such circumstances of alarm as to be succeeded, a few hours afterward, by universal chills, rigours and fits of *syncope*, threatening an immediate stoppage of the circulation, or death, you allowed the apothecary to *prescribe* my rejected medicines—cordials—under the specious term of *volatile draughts*, (that is, medical drams) to counteract those unfavourable symptoms the management of her case, contrary to my repeated advice, brought on.

NOT only so, but he was suffered, nay, apparently, invited to *justify* his practice in my presence and that of my most afflicted patient.—My silence, I am sure, disappointed

disappointed him, as it ought ; for were I to submit to altercations with apothecaries, in the bechambers of patients, backed by inconsiderate domestic friends, I should soon be under the necessity of holding them with all the nurses and gossiping good people in the neighbourhood.

Y o u all, Sir, asserted that Mrs. — would have died for want of breath, had she not been blooded. But, Sir, the assertion was used to cover a mistake : it had no scientific meaning at the time ; neither was there any person present, as a competent judge, to decide on the grand circumstances of life and death.—*The apothecary who attended was as ignorant, respecting such circumstances, as the nurse.*

No instance has ever occurred, I am confident, of a patient having been suddenly carried off in such a stage of the disorder. The worst that could have happened would have been a partial inflammation, with consequent supperation, (al-

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ways

ways preferable to *resolution* through the medium of the lancet) by which (the native powers of the constitution, not having been weakened by presumptuous art) the disease would have spent itself. A fit of distress and impatience under pain, (the best of people are subject to it) was not the act of dying.—Farther,

I N S T E A D of being relieved by blood taken from her arm in large quantities, except at the very moment of emission, she grew worse and worse in her breathing, by the vessels being thereby so far emptied of their vital contents, as to be incapable of sustaining, without quick and painful struggles, the complicated but indispensable office of respiration.

A large blister, some days previous to my being called in, clapt to the side, before the circulatory warmth and energy had been considerably reduced by repeated venæsections, would have risen, I am certain, quickly and effectually dissolved the
muscular

muscular and respiratory spasm, which was Mrs. —'s most menacing complaint. In lieu of this discreet, early application, the lancet (more fatal in the *professional hand*, than the tomahawk in the *savage's*) was freely used at first, and the strength and life let out, as if no more than the strength and life of an animal under some butcher's knife; in consequence of which, (I appeal to facts) a blister at length applied did not rise so as to keep the *intercostal stricture* in check, which tightened and confined the action of breathing, and, in truth, constituted Mrs. —'s only disease.

FROM simple depletion and inanition, the *expectorating matter*, which nature or the constitution intended to form, was prevented from forming; or, had it been formed, was again prevented from being ejected by the muscular powers of the thorax.—Hence every bad and justly alarming symptom which appeared, and which you, Sir, more than once very consistently wept over before me.—Moreover,

BLEEDING,

BLEEDING, and then blistering, were *self-contradictory* operations; the one acting as a *sedative* and *weaker*, the other tending to *rouse* and *invigorate*. Hence the extreme indiscretion and absurdity of the COMMON PRACTICE are apparent.—To *debilitate* the constitution, in order to enable it to throw off a disorder; to *rob* it of its tone and activity first, latterly to *increase* the one, and *stimulate* the other, appears to me, I confess, a mode of treatment which passes all understanding.*—

To

* As a recent case in point, but treated in a manner the very *reverse* of Mrs. —'s it becomes necessary to mention that of JOHN OLIVER, of Mr. Simpson's workshop, coachmaker in Newark. His disorder was a more violent fever than that of the Lady's, (so injudiciously treated) accompanied with stitches, *dyspnœa*, spitting of blood and ulcerated leg. Being early called in, I prevented blood-letting; applied blisters; persevered in keeping them open; at the same time adverting to other concomitant assistances; and he is now (November 3d) got abroad, perfectly cured, and capable of business.—Had he fallen into the *apothecary's* hands, been repeatedly blooded, and kept on a low regimen, like Mrs. —, he would have turned out, most probably, an ailing, miserable spectacle for life, had he even recovered.

To draw towards a conclusion, Sir, I most sincerely wish the recovery of Mrs. — * by *any* means; at the same time I know

This living, thankful proof of a *rational plan*, should seem to carry truth and conviction with it beyond a thousand arguments.—A disorder that is *cured*, by leaving a worse behind in its place, a train of helpless, hopeless, endless complaints, upbraiding the morning sun for the suddenness of its appearance, at the same time, dreading the approach of sleepless nights, silent, solitary, and comfortless—alas! what an insult upon the unhappy patient, and burlesque upon medical science!—Yet such are half the CURES of modern times.

Hæret in lateri lethalis arundo.

* This gentlewoman's constitution has been often mentioned as uncommonly *unique*. But it is a mistake, and the remark has been owing entirely to a want of *depth* of knowledge. The received opinions of common life are as astonishingly absurd as they are unsafe and distressing in their results.—People who are only competent to furnish out their tables, carry on business with adroit *meum* and *tuum* sagacity, go to market discreetly, throw off the intolerable load of time (the sweetest and lightest of burdens to THE WISE!) over a novel (their BIBLE, the most excellent of all books, mean time neglected!) step forward to descant physically on CONSTITUTIONS, and the infinite variety of them that take place

know that the large quantity of blood* she
has

place in different persons.—Could one be attended to, in this fashionable and polite age, who has all along lived a life of sober study and disinterested enquiry, he would say that the term *constitution*, occasionally in every body's mouth, is misconceived of by every body, even the most learned.

There are but two kinds of constitution, I dare to affirm, viz. the *weak* and the *strong*; the one requiring support, the other to be cautiously brought down under the attack of disorders. The faculty of eating and drinking more or less, sleeping, exercising, and being subject to acute, or chronic diseases, are the mere accidents and habits of these primary constitutions. The degrees between the strongest and weakest, it is allowed, are many, and continually varying; but these only amount to a distinction, not a difference. The doctrine of the schools, on this subject, is arbitrarily assumed, handed down from one generation to another without analysis or proof, and, so far as it deviates from bare hypothesis and regulates practice, is equivocal and unsafe.—The learned term *idiosyncrasy*, with which are connected certain *idiopathic* affections, fills the ear without informing the understanding, like a thousand other medical technicisms, and things taken for granted. They are the mere figments of *medical romance*, echoed from age to age, like the repercussions of a dead wall.

* Blood-letting is often *useless*, but much oftener
dangerous,

has lost, contrary to the soundest and most rational indications, will, recover when she may, leave her in such a forlorn state of lowness, sinking and despondency, as,
to

dangerous, in most disorders. The great sanguineous circulation is *never* the seat of a disease. The vessels subservient to it are too capacious in diameter, and too powerfully excited to constant motion, to admit of such a *locality*, or *remora*, as to constitute a specific disease.—A putrid *diathesis* of the blood, or dissolutional tendency of the juices, is the *absence* of a local ailment. In short, it is a commencement of the act of dying, or the body breaking down into its elementary parts, with which *life*, or *consciousness*, is not connected.—Beside,

Vencæsection is an enemy to all located or stationary disorders, which, properly managed, tend effectually to unload the constitution, and extend the term of life. In this respect the DEITY himself may be said to work daily miracles, through the medium of professional wisdom and sagacity : but his benevolent designs, are interrupted by the blunders and errors of assuming men.—Yet such interruptions can be but temporary. The DEITY's plan *must* be perfectly compleat and universal at last ; while such casual and partial interruptions will only serve to illustrate its excellence and irresistibility. A glorious subject for philosophic contemplation ! A subject
in

to me, would be a life less eligible than death.—The last time she was treated in a similar way, about four or five years since, by a *favourite* physician of your family, she was reduced, in consequence of it,

in magnitude incomparably beyond every thing that is wont to excite our passions, or interest our affections.—Moreover, blood-letting drives the animal œconomy *back upon itself*; by which all the secretions are disturbed, thrown into obstructions, and rendered imperfect in their several processes.

Every operation of the human machine points to an outlet, or discharge, after the office of nutriment and accretion of parts has been performed; except the life of man, THE BLOOD.—This vital current is the grand constitutional *nifus*, or *perpetuum mobile*, to supply and support those outlets and discharges so indispensable to life. Taking away blood; therefore, checks the push from the center to the circumference, and tends to promote a REFLUENT or retrograde circulation; by which the arterial system principally, and all the secretions secondary to or connected with it, are materially affected; that is, in language tighter drawn, *diseases ensue*. To give an illustrative representation of the whole. Blood-letting, with respect to the cure of topical or located complaints, is similar to the act of destroying a citadel, and putting its complement of men to the sword, in order to enable the governor to defend the *redoubts* or make a *sally*. The

it, to such a condition of inward suffering and misery, accompanied with weakness and faintness, *till confessedly relieved by me*, as, in my choice, could have no compensation in the mere pleasure of breathing.

F f

Beside,

The *substitution* of one disorder for another, in technical phraseology, is performing a cure. *Thus* fevers are cured, by ending in depravation of appetite, indigestion, flatulences, dropical or œdematous swellings, cachexies; atrophy, marasmus, &c. *Thus* stitches in the side, local pain, asthma, anhelation, will yield, for a short time, to the blood vessels being emptied by the hardy phlebotomist, instead of the unsound being separated from the sound juices, by external stimulus and force. But what are the consequences? Such as good sense and judicious experience will always predict, and they are these—such a reduced habit of body, relaxed system of the nerves, windy distensions of the viscera, imperfect secretions, intolerable painful anxiety about the region of the spleen, liver, and gall-bladder; universal imbecility and languors; as should seem to render the patient's situation *worse* than the original disorder—left to itself and the constitution, could possibly have done.—These are many of the CURES of modern times—these the triumphs of the *lancet*, used on a narrow, deficient scale of science and information, which alas! is the common scale.

Phlebotomists keep their FATAL PRACTICE in countenance with the people, by exhibiting, to vulgar

Beside, Sir, you (and your case was vastly more violent than that of Mrs. —) would now have been in your grave, according to all human likelihood, instead of being stout and healthy as you are, to the satisfaction of all your friends, had not the blood-besprinkled hand of *Phlebotomy* been staid.—These, Sir, are strong circumstances, and what should have kept you and your family steady to rational advice.

It

gar gaze, the fizy or buffy appearance on the surface of the cold extracted blood. But such an appearance, though it too effectually serves to sanctify ignorance and mistake, is a mere *deceptio visus*, and depends mechanically, in a great measure, on the *size* of the venæsectional puncture, and *manner* of the blood flowing from the vein.—Even supposing the emitted blood to be what it is not, for argument's sake, *i. e.* corrupt, bad blood, it always forms a small proportion to the aggregate quantity contained in the cup, perhaps, as one to seven; so that this NOTORIOUS OPERATION, in order to free the ill advised patient of one *ounce* of bad, robs him or her of *seven* ounces of good blood.

I have materials of information in my hands, conveyed through different channels, and which shall be made public, if necessary, by which it will appear,

IT is a real misfortune, Sir, that people in general do not take a comprehensive enough view of things, do not look forward attentively to their remote consequences, satisfied with present plausible appearances, according to which, one disorder is *cured* (as it is called) by a *sure* foundation being laid for another and perhaps a worse. Yet,

—*quæ res in se neque consilium, neque modum Habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes.*

I

pear, that numbers have been SCIENTIFICALLY BLEED TO DEATH in this country. Wars may cease, kings draw their breath from the carnage of their species : apothecaries are quite sufficient to give flow (manslaughteral flow I would call it) to the blood of mankind.—I was myself a distressed witness to two cases of the kind, since I came to Newark, whom I effectually endeavoured to save.—Had the lancet been withheld, and blisters instantaneously applied to the *proper place*, accompanied with co-operative wise management in other respects, I have no doubt, on the common probabilities of discreet analogy, both would have lived many years, as useful heads of families and members of the community.

It appears, then, that *my* professional enemies are enemies to the *public*, from false science, and erroneous

I have only to observe farther, Sir, on this occasion, and it is with feeling and regret I observe it, that I would rather have an *hundred* persons my enemies, from no intentional fault of mine, and with whom I never had any acquaintance or connection, than lose *one friend* who had
thought

neous principles, which are worse than none.—Respecting my professional enemies, I do not say they are so, *ex animo*, but *de facto*.

Mine, therefore, is the cause of the people, a cause entitled to the noblest and firmest support.—But the mischief of rashly spilling man's blood, among other interesting topics, make part of another medical tract, which will soon be ready for publication.—The writer, in the mean time, rests fully satisfied, he cannot be more usefully employed, or fulfil, to better purpose, the great ends of *being*, (which is, doubtless, something more “than just to look about us and to die”) than by endeavouring to relieve the pains and distresses of fellow-men and secure to them the greatest of all blessings, without which even a throne should seem a burthen and an insult to the possessor, *that of health. Mens sana in corpore sano.*

Indeed the health of the one is largely contributive to the health of the other. Body and soul are so exquisitely associated, that the idea of one cannot possibly be formed without an idea of the other.—

They

thought himself authorized, and not seldom made it his particular business to speak handsomely of your correspondent.

I remain,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

Humble servant,

W. STEVENSON.

Newark, October 22,
1781.

N. B. Since this letter was written, and about three weeks after I was under the necessity (to me a distressing one) to give over my attendance, Mrs. — made an happy escape from pain and misery to that immortal state of existence where diseases and the mistakes of doctors are equally unknown. Thrice blessed state!

They strictly are, *alter et idem*. I have had the happiness of restoring more than one to what was called their *right mind*, by merely acting on the solids and secretions of the machine through the medium of external

ternal applications, internal medicines, and regimen. But how blisters, continual discharges of purulent humour, evacuations, arrangements of eating and drinking, should have contact with and operate upon that distinct invisible substance, commonly called the soul, is far far, I confess, beyond my comprehension. I speak as an anatomist and physiologist. Divines, who know not half so much on the subject, tell a different tale. Yet, notwithstanding, the dignity and importance of the medical art is hence apparent, that whatever part of us it be which is destined for immortality, and by whatever name known, whether *soul*, *spirit*, *mind*, or perhaps, if I may so express myself, some incorruptible composite, *sui generis*, of intellectual corporiety, (for I firmly believe a resurrection and everlasting life) *that part* is regulated in its perceptions, feelings, movements and principles. by the successful physician.

Should there be too great a degree of sensation in one place, consequently the soul principally concerned there ; the physician who relieves that place relieves the soul. On the contrary, when the constitution can make no longer effort for itself, and an unusual load, in consequence of it, hangs and lags upon the nerves, the result of which are all the undescribable horrors of afflicted humanity, from simple hysterical or hypochondriacal disorders to melancholic or religious insanity, the wise physician is all-powerful here also ; forms a partial, well-known, instead of the original and undefined complaint, and thus truly may be said to have the command of, and restore the soul to itself. A god-like office indeed !

T H E E N D.